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THE 12611.d.22

Fortunate and Unfortunate

LOVERS:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF THE

LIVES, FORTUNES, and ADVENTURES
OF

DORASTUS *and* FAWNIA,

HERO *and* LEANDER.

Made *English* from the Originals, Written in the
Bohemian and *Grecian* Tongues.

By a GENTLEMAN,
Who spent many Years in travelling through most
Parts of *Germany*, *Greece* and *Italy*, where these
Stories are in as much Credit and Repute, as any
that are now Extant, or ever were Printed.

*Our Lives and Actions all have one sure Date;
Nor can the wisest Man anticipate,
Avert, Reverse, or Guard against his Fate.*

London: Printed for *A. Bettesworth* and *C. Hitch*
at the *Red Lion*, in *Pater-Noster-Row*, *R. Ware*,
at the *Sun and Bible*, *Ames-Corner*, *J. Hodges*, at
the *Looking Glass* on *London-Bridge*. 1725.

W. W. W. W.

DER.





T H E
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.



THESE Two Histories of the Fortunate and Unfortunate Lovers, have gained so much Applause throughout Bohemia and Greece, that there is scarce a Family, whose Children can read, but you will find one, or more of these Books among them. They are very careful to make their Sons and Daughters read them so often

The P R E F A C E.

ten, that at last they become Masters and Mistresses of them; for they contain excellent Rules of Morality, though written many Years before Christianity had Footing in the World. Whether they are Real, or Fictitious, is a Question not as yet decided among a great Part of Mankind: But if any one should Question the Veracity of them in either of the Countries, to which they Originally belong, he would meet with many bitter Opponents: Each Nation alledging, that they can produce their Chronicles, to confirm their Opinion.

AS to the History of Dorastus and Fawnia, I shall here speak of it separately from the other, to which I shall say something in its proper Place.

IN the Person of Dorastus, we see the Disobedience of a Child to a Parent, punished with Imprisonment, and other Hardships, as a Judgment due to such a Crime, tho' he made a Good Choice, as it afterwards proved; and his leaving his Father's Kingdom without his Leave and Consent, was a Fault that did not pass unpunished. Nor indeed was the Flight of Fawnia excusable, tho' Porrus was not her Father; for he brought her up, and she believed that she was his Daughter.

WHAT

The P R E F A C E

and *WHAT* Trouble, Grief, and Anxiety of Mind, did the groundless Jealousy of Pan-dosto bring upon him; and his laying violent Hands upon himself at last, was a Multiplication of his Crimes, and a Demonstration of his Guilt: An Action so repugnant to the Laws of Christianity, and so shocking to Nature, that no Excuse can be framed to palliate it.

AS the History is instructive, so it is likewise pleasant and diverting, notwithstanding there is something Tragical in it: The Constancy of Dorastus and Fawnia in their LOVE, is highly worthy of Praise; but more had it been so, if they had known their real Births, and obtained their Father's Consent. And indeed where Vows are made, all the Hardships and Sufferings in the World, cannot justify the Breach of them: But then on the other Hand, those Vows ought to be well weighed in the Ballance of Reason, before they are made.

IT may be objected, perhaps, that the Shepherd Porrus met with hard Measure, not having consented to the Flight of the Two Lovers. I answer, that it does not appear that he did any Thing worthy the Death to which he was condemned; but will presume to scrutinize the Reasons of Providence? Besides, was it fair, or honest in him, to conceal the Riches of Fawnia, and convert Part
of

THE P R E F A C E.

of them to his own Use? Sure, no One will justify him in it. But it is not my Business to answer Objections: All I have further to say, is, That you have here a Genuine Translation of these Histories from their Originals, which was never done before, but by

Your Humble Servant,

HUGH STANHOPE.



T H E

THE

Fortunate Lovers :

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

DORASTUS,

PRINCE of Sicily ;

AND

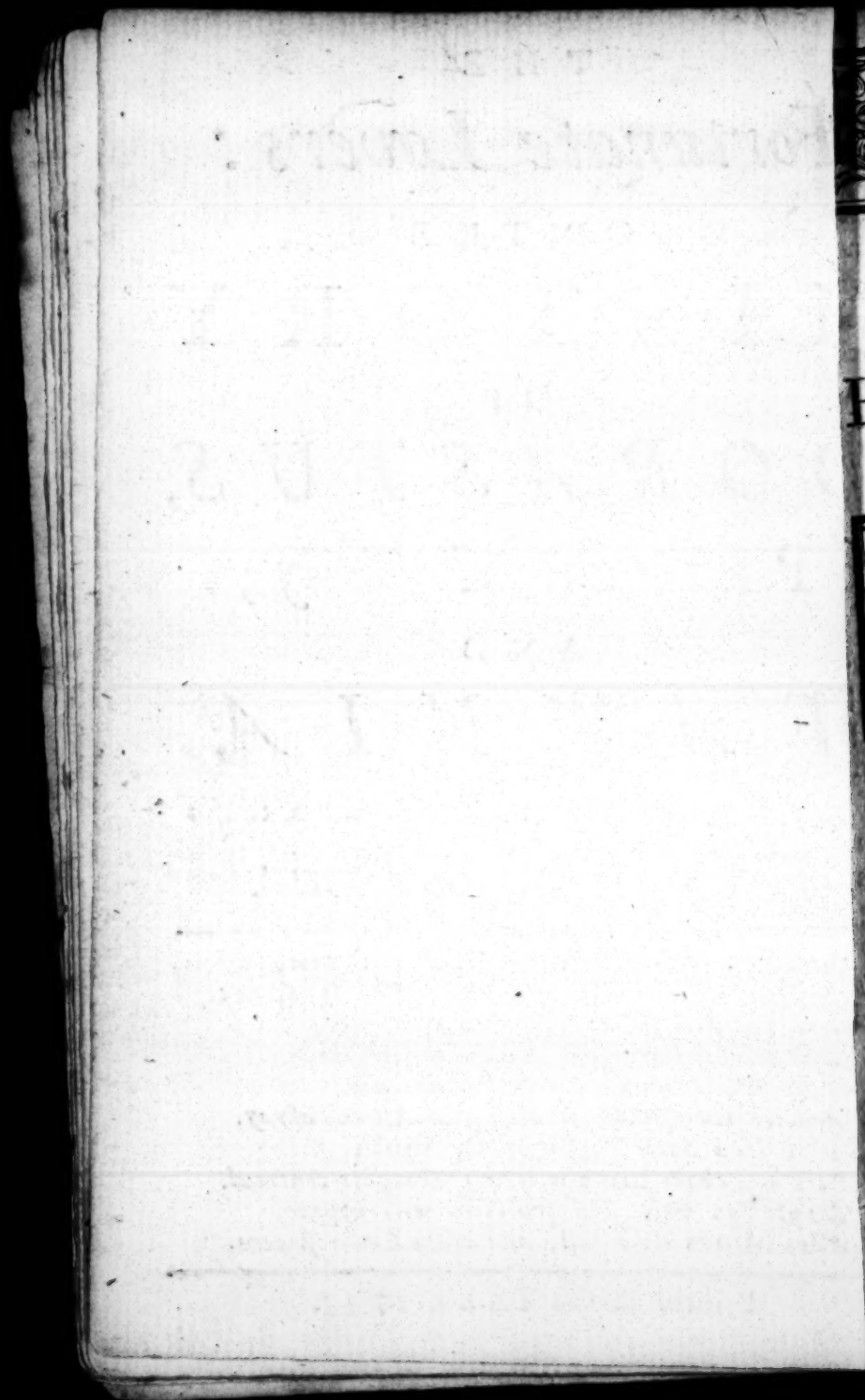
FAWNIA,

Only DAUGHTER and HEIR to the

KING of Bohemia.

Let none despise a virtuous Maid, tho' poor,
For Heav'n has Bliss for honest Maids in Store ::
Here by these Lovers an Example take,
And all the Paths of Virtue n'er forsake.
Strictest Obedience to your Parents pay,
And let not Hardships lead your Love astray.
Love is a Noble Passion of the Soul ;
Pure und chaste Love will evil Thoughts controul.
Temptation vain and fruitless will appear,
When Minds are honest, and when Love sincere.

Printed in the YEAR 1735.





T H E

FORTUNATE LOVERS, &c.



EALOUSY is the most gauling Passion, with which Mankind can be afflicted ; 'tis a Fiend of *Hell*, the Daughter of *Mistrust*, and the Parent of *Discord*. Whoever is so unhappy as to be seized with this Plague, must expect a Perplexity of Mind, and no Tranquility by Day or Night : It preys upon a Person as Fire does upon Fuel, and all the good Advice that can be given, is like Oil thrown upon blazing Coals, and serves only to increase the Flame. They who harbour this Viper in their Bosoms, will by Length of Time, be prompted to commit such Actions, as neither the Laws of God or Man can justify.

This was the Case of the unfortunate *Pandosto*, who, before Christianity appeared in the World, was King of *Bohemia*, and being jealous of his loving and virtuous Wife, was the Occasion of her Death, and his own great Sorrow. This Prince

Prince married *Bellaria*, a Lady of royal Birth, strict Virtue, and consummate Beauty: And happy were they in their Love of each other, that their Subjects greatly rejoiced to see such good Harmony between them. They had not been married a Year, before *Bellaria* was delivered of a Son, and the *Bohemians*, to manifest their inward Joy and Satisfaction by outward Actions, made Bonfires throughout the whole Kingdom, and appointed Jufts and Tournaments in Honour of their young Prince; and the Noblemen, as well as many King's, who were in Friendship with *Pandosto*, came there to partake of the Diversion, and to shew their Judgment and Valour. They were received in the most magnificent Manner, and the King made a general Feast for all Subjects, which continued for the Space of twenty Days. The Sports being ended, all the Foreign Princes took leave of *Pandosto* and *Bellaria*, and their Son; who was called *Garinzer*, was nursed in the Palace.

Fortune, who delights in Cross-purposes, soon darkened the Brightness of the King and Queen's Prosperity: For it so happened that *Egistus*, King of *Sicily*, between whom and *Pandosto*, there was the strictest Amity from their Youth, being willing to manifest that neither length of Time, nor distance of Place, could lessen his Friendship, provided a small Fleet, and sailed to *Bohemia*, to pay a Visit to his old Friend and Companion, and to congratulate him in Person, upon the Birth of a Prince. As soon as *Pandosto* heard of his Arrival, he and *Bellaria*, attended by most of the Lords and Ladies, went to welcome *Egistus*.

Egistus; and received him in the most friendly manner; and having complimented each other, they proceeded to the Palace, the Citizens having prepared magnificent Arches, and many expensive Shews for the Reception of *Egistus*, as he passed through the Streets. *Pandosto* was very well pleased to see the Preparations which his Subjects had made for *Egistus*, and he entertained him and his *Sicilians*, with such Banquets and Entertainments, that every one admired and applauded his Liberality. *Pandosto* requested *Bellarina* to entertain his Friend *Egistus* in the best Manner, and she, to shew how unfeignedly she loved her Husband, complied with his Request. *Egistus* perceived in her a virtuous and courteous Disposition, and *Bellarina* observed in him many excellent Qualities of a princely and bountiful Mind: Infomuch that an honest Familiarity increased daily between them. When *Pandosto* was busied with urgent Affairs of State, *Bellarina* would entertain *Egistus* sometimes walking with him in the Garden, and at other Times sitting with him in the Palace, and contriving one pretty Device or other for his Diversion.

This Custom continuing between them, *Pandosto* began to receive many doubtful Thoughts, and to be uneasy in his Mind. He recollected the Beauty of *Bellarina*, the Comeliness and Bravery of *Egistus*, and that as he was a Man, he must needs be subject to Love, and his Wife being a Woman, was liable to the same Passion. Such Thoughts began to breed Suspicion, which in a short Time burst forth in flaming Jealousy, and tormented him so violently, that he could

not take any Rest. He observed very narrowly the Looks and Gestures of *Egistus* and *Bellaria*, and misconstruing their honest Familiarity, he began to bear a secret Hatred to *Egistus*, and to look with an austere Countenance upon *Bellaria*. His Mind was so much loaded with Jealousy, that he perswaded himself that *Egistus* had done him Wrong in the most tender Point; and being desirous to revenge so great an Injury, he dissembled his Intention with a fair and friendly Behaviour in Publick, though he privately devised how to take away the Life of *Egistus*, without Suspicion of Murther, and at last concluded to poison him. To put this Piece of Treachery in Action, he communicated his Design to *Franion*, who was his Cup-Bearer, and promised him a Reward of Two hundred Pounds a Year for ever, if he would accomplish it. *Franion* abhorring such a treacherous and bloody Action, began to reason with *Pandofo*, and dissuade him from such a wicked Design: He shew'd what Offence Murther was to the Gods, and that such unnatural Actions would displease them and all Mankind. He told him, that in Point of Politicks, he ought not to commit such Cruelty, which seldom escaped without Revenge. That *Egistus* was his Friend, a King, and came with no other View than to establish a perpetual Friendship between them; and that if he should poison him, it would turn to his own Dishonour, and prove a Means of sowing perpetual Discord and Hatred between the *Sicilians* and *Bohemians*, and that his own Subjects would murmur at such treacherous Cruelty,

the Cruelty. These Arguments had no Force with *Pandoso*, nor could he be dissuaded from his hellish Determination ; and gave *Franion* his Choice, either to poison *Egistus*, and be advanced to high Dignity, or else he should suffer Death by the greatest Torture, as a Punishment due to his Disobedience. *Franion* seeing himself reduced to this unhappy Dilemma, either to Murder an Innocent Prince, or to be tortured to Death, told *Pandoso*, that as soon as a fair Opportunity presented, he would undertake to poison *Egistus*, and the King was very well satisfied, hoping he should now have full Revenge for the Injuries which had been done to him ; and when *Egistus* was dead, he designed to cut off *Bellaria* after the same Manner.

Franion began to reflect with himself, that Murder may for a Time escape without Danger, but never without Revenge : That Conscience is a Worm that gnaws without ceasing, and being once stained with innocent Blood, is always accompanied with guilty Remorse and Horror. That as he was a Servant to a King, it was his Duty to obey him in all Things Lawful, but it could be no Disobedience in him not to comply with his Master's Commands, when those Commands were forbidden by the Gods, and consequently must be displeasing to them. He considered that Content and Peace of Mind was to be preferred before Riches and Dignity ; and that honest Poverty was more eligible, than shameful Honour.

Seeing therefore that he must die with a clear Mind, or live with a foul and spotted Conscience,

his Mind was so perplexed, that he could get nothing at Rest, and at last determined to break the Matter out to *Egistus*. He went to his Apartment, and desiring to speak with him in private, discovered to him the Conspiracy; begging that he would not account him a Traytor, for disclosing his Master's Secrets; but to look upon what he had done, to proceed from no other Motive than a good Conscience. *Egistus* told him that he could not entertain a Thought so derogatory from the Honour of *Pandosto*, for he was his Friend, and there never had been any Breach of Amity between them: That he did not invade his Territories, or endeavour to seduce his Subjects from their Allegiance, or conspire with his Enemies against him; and therefore as he had not given any Cause to *Pandosto* to seek his Death, he suspected a Combination among the *Bohemians*, to create Variance between him and the King.

Franion told him that it was dangerous to dally with an incensed Prince, and that if the *Bohemians* had intended any Mischief against him, it might be easily accomplished, and not have the Conspiracy revealed; and therefore his Majesty was unkind to misconstrue his good Meaning, since his Intent was to prevent Treason, and not to become a Traytor: And to confirm him in what he had spoke, if it pleased him to fly into *Sicily* for the Preservation of his Life, he would go with him, and then if it did not appear that *Pandosto* designed to poison him, he desired his imagined Treachery might be repaid with the worst Torments. *Egistus* weighing the Matter thoroughly, gave many thanks to *Franion*, promising

that if he returned in Safety to *Syracuse*, he
 would make him a Duke in *Sicily*, and desired
 they would contrive the best Means for their Es-
 cape. *Franion* consulted with the Admiral of
Egistus's Fleet, and they concluded to be in Rea-
 diness to sail as soon as the Wind and a fair Op-
 portunity would offer. In less than six Days *For-*
cone sent them a good Gale, and the better to
 conceal their Design from *Pandofo*, *Franion* told
 him that he had procured a Dose of Poison ;
 which had such Force, that the very Smell would
 procure sudden Death, and he would give it to
Egistus the next Day. *Pandofo* was glad to hear
 this News, and thought every Hour a Day un-
 til he was glutted with bloody Revenge : But
Egistus fearing that Delay might breed Danger,
 convey'd himself and his *Sicilians*, by the Assis-
 tance of *Franion*, out of a Postern-gate of the City,
 with such Secrecy and Expedition, that they soon
 got on Board, and weighing Anchor, hoisted
 their Sails, and steered away for *Syracuse* with
 a fair Wind, greatly rejoicing that they had got
 safe out of *Bohemia*.

Pandofo finding that *Egistus* was fled away by
 Night, and *Franion* with him, he began to think
 that he had not only betray'd him, but that *Bel-*
laria and he had conspired with *Egistus*, and
 thereupon commanded that she should be im-
 prisoned. The *Bohemians* were in an Uproar,
 and apprehended some Treason, and *Pandofo*
 believed his Suspicion to be true. *Bellaria* was
 playing with her Son *Grinter*, when the Guards
 with much Reluctance, came to execute the
 King's Commands ; she was at first astonished,

but knowing her Conscience to be clear, she went quietly to Prison, and spent her Time in Sighs and Tears.

Pandosto resolved to spend all his Wrath and Fury upon *Bellaria*, and therefore he put forth a Proclamation, signifying that the Queen and *Egistus*, by the help of *Franion*, not only committed Adultery, but had also conspired the King's Death, upon which *Franion* had fled with *Egistus*, and *Bellaria* was justly Imprisoned. Though every Body had believed the Queen to be strictly Virtuous, yet the Circumstances of the Proclamation being thoroughly considered, they believed them to be true; and yet they could not forbear to pity *Bellaria's* Case. But *Pandosto*, whose Breast would entertain no Pity, not only resolved to requite the Queen's Falshood with pinching Poverty and Constraint, but to lay hold of the first Opportunity of repaying the Treachery of *Egistus*. But when he considered that *Egistus* was a powerful Prince, and was in Alliance with many Kings, and had married the Emperor of *Russia's* Daughter, he chose rather to put up the Injury with Peace, than to seek Revenge with Dishonour and Loss: And determined that *Bellaria* should pay for all.

The poor disconsolate Queen, hearing the heavy Accusation that was laid against her in the Proclamation, and knowing her own Innocence, and that *Egistus* had never offered the least Rudeness to her, requested that she might be brought to answer for herself, and see her unjust Accuser. But *Pandosto* was so inflamed with Rage and Jealousy, that he would not hearken to her, so that

that she was obliged to bear with Patience her heavy Injuries : And as she thus laboured under her Calamities, she perceived herself to be Quick with Child, which made her burst into Tears, and exclaim against Fortune in the most bitter Terms. The Jailer pitying her Complaints, and believing that if the King knew that the Queen was with Child, he would release her, certified *Pandosto* of it ; but he rose up in a Rage, and swore that *Bellaria* and her Bastard should die, even tho' the Gods should say no.

The Queen was delivered of a Daughter, and *Pandosto* presently resolved that both should be burned. His Nobles endeavoured to dissuade him from such a bloody Sentence, laying before him the Innocence of the Child, and that it was against Nature and Justice to punish it for the Mother's Offence, if she were Guilty ; but as hitherto no Proof had been made, and that unnatural Actions do more offend the Gods than Men. That no Body had appeared to accuse and make good the Charge against the Queen, and even though she were faulty, yet to Pardon with Mercy would be more honourable, than to punish with Extremity. But these Reasons could not appease the King's Rage ; but at last upon the importunate Solicitations of the Nobles, he consented to spare the Child's Life ; but as it came by Fortune, as he thought, so he would commit it to Fortune. He therefore ordered the Child to be taken from the Mother, and commanded the Guards, without Delay, to put it into a little Boat, which he had caused to be provided, and so to be carried in the Midst of the Sea, and there left to the Mercy of the Wind and Waves.

The Guards and the Sailors seeing the sweet Countenance of the Babe, could not forbear accusing the King of Rigour, but nevertheless Fear obliged them to do that which Nature did abhor so that placing the Child at one End of the Boat with a few green Boughs over it, to preserve it as well as they could from the Inclemency of the Weather, they left it on the Ocean, and immediately so great a Storm arose, that it was with much Difficulty they got to Shore.

Pandosto assembled his Nobles and Counsellors, and *Bellaria* was brought into Court, and as she stood at the Bar, heard the Charge read which was laid against her. As she knew herself Innocent, and finding that no less than Death would pacify the King's Wrath, she took Courage, and boldly desired that she might have Law and Justice, (for Mercy she did not expect) and that her Accusers might be obliged to give their Evidence before her Face. *Pandosto* answer'd, that the Witnesses were of such Credit, as their Words alone were sufficient: And as for *Bellaria*, it was her Part to deny such a monstrous Crime, and forswear the Fact, since she had passed all Shame in committing it, but nevertheless she should suffer a cruel Death. The Queen no way terrified at what *Pandosto* said, told him that to proceed without Proof was Rigour, and not Law; the Nobles approved what she said, and entreated the King that her Accusers might be sworn and openly examined; and if they could not maintain the Charge, then let the Queen suffer such Punishment as the Law did ordain for such Malefactors. The King answered, that in
this

his Case he could and would dispense with the Law, and that the Nobles should take his Word for sufficient Evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. Upon this they were all silent, but *Bellaria*, whose Life was at stake, and fearing perpetual Infamy more than sudden Death; said, if his Will must be a Law, it would avail nothing for the Jury to give their Verdict. Then falling upon her Knees, she implor'd the King for the Love he bore to the young Prince *Garinter*, that he would grant her one Request, which was to send six of his Nobles in whom he could place the greatest Confidence, to the Isle of *Delphos*, and there consult the Oracle of *Apollo*, whether she had committed Adultery with *Egistus*. or conspired with *Franion*, to murder the King: And if *Apollo*, who knows all Secrets, should say that she were Guilty, then let her suffer the most bitter Death. *Pandosto* could not refuse such a reasonable Request, and having nominated six Ambassadors to be dispatch'd with all speed to *Delphos*, he commanded the Queen to be imprisoned close till their Return; and they performed the Voyage within three Weeks.

As soon as they landed, they went to the Temple of *Apollo* with great Devotion, and offering Sacrifices to the God, and Gifts to the Priests, according to Custom, they humbly craved an Answer their Demands. They had not kneel'd long at the Altar, when *Apollo* with a loud Voice said, *Bohemians, what you find behind the Altar, take and depart.* They obeyed the Oracle, and found a Scroll of Parchment, wherein the

following Words were written in Letters of Gold.

THE ORACLE.

Suspicion is no Proof; Jealousy is an unequal Judge; Bellaria is Chaste; Egiltus Blameless; Franion a true Subject; Pandosto Treacherous; his Babe Innocent; and the King shall die without a Heir, if that which is lost be not found.

When they had taken the Scroll, the Priest commanded them, not to presume to read it, before they came to the Presence of *Pandosto*; if they did, they would incur the Displeasure of *Apollo*. The Ambassadors obeyed his Commands, and with great Reverence departed from the Temple; and sailed with a fair Wind to *Bohemia*, where they soon arrived, and hastened to Court. *Pandosto* received them very graciously, and they delivered to him the Scroll of Parchment, telling what Charges they had received; and the Nobles entreated the King that since therein was contained the Queen's Life and Honesty, or her Death and Infamy, that he would Summon all the Nobles and Commons to assemble in the Judgment Hall, and the Queen be brought to hear the Contents. The King was pleased with this, a Day was appointed, the Lords and Commons met, and the Queen appearing at the Bar, made the following Speech.

How

How I have led my Life before Egistus came into Bohemia, I appeal, Pandoſto, to the Gods, and to thy Conſcience : What hath paſſed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will preſently diſcover. Report, hath impeach'd my Honour, and Suſpicion, hath endeavour'd to blaſt my Reputation with Infamy, but where Virtue guards the Fort, Report and Suſpicion may attack but never take it. As to Luſt, or Laſcivious Actions between Egistus and me, ſay that he is Innocent, and I truſt that I ſhall be found without Blemiſh : I can neither accuſe, or excuſe Franion, nor was I privy to his Departure. For the Truth of what I have ſpoke, I refer myſelf to the Divine Oracle.

The King immediately commanding one of his Nobles to read the Contents of the Scroll, and when he had obeyed, they gave a great Shout, every one rejoycing to hear that the Queen was Innocent, and wrongfully accuſed. Pandoſto, now aſhamed of his Jealouſy and Raſhfulneſs, deſired the Nobles to make Interceſſion for him with Bellaria, and perſuade her to forgive and forget the Injuries that had been offer'd her, and diſcovered to them his own treacherous Contrivance, by which he intended to poiſon Egistus. As he was thus laying open his own barbarous Machination, News was brought that Prince Garinter, was dead : Bellaria hearing ſuch unexpected and unwelcome Tidings, being overcharged with extream Joy before, on account that her Innocency

cy was manifested, and now suppressed with heavy Sorrow, fell suddenly down and expired the Moment. Such a Sight deprived the King of his Senses, and being carried to the Palace he lay speechless for the Space of three Days. The *Bohemians* were like Men in Despair, and there was nothing but Mourning and Lamentation to be heard and seen, on account that the young Prince was dead, the Queen bereaved of her Life, and their King in the greatest Danger. They appeared like Shadows, but to comfort their heavy Hearts, News was spread that the King had recovered his Speech, and the Physicians had hopes of his Life. As soon as he had recovered Strength, he endeavoured to murder himself, but his Nobles prevented such a bloody Act, and requested him to think that the Commonwealth consisted in his Preservation, desiring that if he would not live for himself, yet that he would live for his Subjects. The King was persuaded by his Nobles, and began to pacify his Mind : He caused the Queen to be embalmed with Prince *Garinter*, and both to be put into a leaden Coffin : He erected a sumptuous Monument, and their Funeral was performed with the most solemn Obsequies ; and the following Epitaph was Engraved in Letters of Gold,

*Here lies entomb'd Bellaria fair,
Falsely accus'd to be unchaste ;
Clear'd by Apollo's sacred Doom,
Yet slain by Jealousy at last.
Whoe'er thou art that passeth by,
Curse him that caus'd this Queen to die.*

Once

he Once in every Day *Pandosto* went to *Bella-*
 the's Tomb, and there with Tears lamented his
 misfortunes; he chose Sorrow for his Compa-
 ny, and made Repentance his daily Study.
 There we shall leave him, to take a View of
 what befel the Infant, that was left floating up-
 on the Ocean.

Being tossed for two Days with the Wind and
 Sea, and every Moment ready to perish in the
 Waves, it pleased the Gods to direct the Boat
 to the Coast of *Sicily*, and to be cast on Shore
 there. It fortunately happened, that a Shep-
 herd missing one of his Sheep, and not finding
 it in the Covers hard by, went to the Sea-Side
 in Hopes he should find it browsing on the Sea-
 Ivy. Hearing the Voice of a Child, which he
 mistook for the Bleating of a Sheep, he went
 to the Sands, and saw a Boat on Ground; he
 waded towards it, and saw a beautiful Child,
 wrapt up in a Scarlet Mantle, embroidered with
 Gold, ready to perish with Hunger and Cold,
 with a rich Chain about its Neck. The Shep-
 herd, who never had seen such a beautiful Babe,
 nor such fine Jewels, began to think it was some
 little God, and was therefore preparing to pay
 his Devotion to it. But observing it to cry again,
 he believed it to be a Child, who had been dri-
 ven thither by Strefs of Weather; wondering
 that an Infant, which he concluded must be born
 of Noble Parents, by the Richness of its Furni-
 ture, should be so unfortunate. He took it up
 in his Arms, and intended to carry it to the King,
 that it might be brought up and educated ac-
 cording to the Worthiness of its Birth, he not
 able

able to do it himself. As he was wrapping the Mantle about, to keep it warm, he found a Purse of Gold, which enlivened his Spirits ; and then he concluded to bring up the Child in a homely Manner, and keep the Money for his own Use. He returned through a Bye-Way to his House, lest any Body should perceive what he had, and the Child beginning to cry as soon as he entered the Door, his Wife began to be jealous, believing it to be his Bastard ; and wondered that he should be so wanton Abroad, who was so quiet at Home. He desired her to be at rest, and if she would keep Council, they were made for ever : He then produced the Child and the Gold, the latter putting her in a good Humour. They laid up the Money and Jewels, and the Shepherd went to tend his Flocks, and his Wife stay'd at Home to take Care of the Infant. As the Child grew up, they grew the fonder of it, and as it increased in Years, so it increased in Beauty : And when she arrived at the Age of seven Years, the Shepherd purchased the Lease of a good Farm, and from tending other Men's Sheep, he tended his own, having purchased a small Flock. They named the Child *Fawnia*, who when she arrived to the Age of Ten, was ordered to take Care of the Sheep belonging to *Porrus* and *Mopsa*, for so the Shepherd and his Wife were called, and *Fawnia* believed that they were her Father and Mother ; and she was so obedient and respectful, that she was greatly praised by all the Neighbours. *Porrus* in a short Time purchased Land, and designed to leave it to *Fawnia* after his Death ; and when she had entered

ed into her fifteenth Year, many rich Farmers Sons wooed her for a Wife. She was always cleanly attired, and her Beauty and Wit increased; infomuch that her excellent Endowments both of Body and Mind, made her to be talked of not only in the Country, but also at Court. But tho' her Praise was every Day augmented, yet she was not puffed up with Pride, but humbled herself as became the Daughter of a Shepherd. She kept her Sheep with such Care and Diligence, that the Flock prospered under her Hands, and she used no other Veil to screen her from the Heat of the Sun, than a Garland made of Boughs and Flowers.

Egistus had one only Son, named *Dorastus*, about the Age of Twenty, and being a Prince of extraordinary Beauty, and Vertuous Qualities, he was the Joy of his Father's Heart, and the Hopes of all his Subjects. Being now marriageable, *Egistus* sent Ambassadors to the King of *Denmark*, to solicit a Match between his Daughter and *Dorastus*, who readily consented, and said, that if the King of *Sicily* would favour him with his Company, and Grace his Court, he did not doubt but they should quickly agree upon Conditions. *Egistus* was pleased with this friendly Answer, and thought it was now high Time to communicate his Design to his Son, and spoke to him in this Manner.

"*Dorastus*, as thou art my only Son, your Youth cautions me to prevent the Worst, and my own Age to provide the Best: To neglect Opportunities, are Signs of Folly and Indiscretion, and Actions measured by Time, and tho-
"roughly

" roughly considered, seldom cause Repen-
 " tance. You are young, and I am old ; and
 " Age hath taught me what your Youth cannot
 " comprehend, or at least conceive. I will
 " therefore give you my Advice as a Father,
 " hoping you will pay Obedience to it as be-
 " comes a dutiful Son. As I must leave my
 " Crown to you by Death, and you enjoy my
 " Kingdoms by Succession, so I trust that your
 " Verrue and Courage will be such, that though
 " my Subjects may want my Person, they may
 " find my Perfection in you. My only Care is
 " to see you well Married before I die, and you
 " grow Old.

Dorastus, whose Delight was more in the War
 of *Mars*, than of *Venus*, fearing to incur his
 Father's Displeasure, and yet unwilling to enter
 into the Matrimonial State, made this modest
 Answer.

" Sir, I thank you for your paternal Care,
 " and must acknowledge that Duty is the great-
 " est Bond, and Nature the strictest Law ;
 " and Disobedience in Youth is generally punish-
 " ed in Age. The Command of a Father
 " ought to be a Constraint to a Child, and a
 " Parent's Will is such a Law, that it passes all
 " Laws. May it please your Majesty to appoint
 " whom I shall Love, and rather than be im-
 " peached of Disobedience by a Denial, I will
 " force my Inclination to Love, though it be the
 " only Thing I hate.

Egistus was displeased with this Answer, and
 his Anger increasing, he thus replied.

" What

'What do you say? *Dorastus*, can you not Love? Does this proceed from a sullen Disposition, or peevish Frowardness? Do you think that you are too Good for all Princesses, and not one Good enough for you? There is nothing sweeter than Youth, and as nothing decays faster, so it can never be recalled: If you marry when you are old. your Wife's Bloom will occasion Jealousy, and your Grey Hairs create Loathsomeness and Sorrow. I have chosen a Wife for you, who is Royal by Birth, Beautiful by Nature; her Vertue has made her Famous, her Education Learned, her Possessions Rich: I mean *Euphania*, the Daughter and Heir to the King of *Denmark*; yield therefore to your Father's Perswasions, by which you may prevent many Dangers and Inconveniences.

Egistus waited for his Son's Answer, but perceiving him to be mute, he spoke sharply to him.

'Well, *Dorastus*, take Heed; that which is not nourished by Love, will perish with Hate: If you like *Euphania*, whom I have proposed to be your Wife, it will give me great Satisfaction and Content; and in loving her, you shall have my Love: Otherwise you will be the Cause of much Inquietude and Discontent in me.'

Hereupon *Egistus* left *Dorastus*, the one much enraged, and the other very sorrowful, that by Denial he had incensed his Father; and angry with himself because he could not yield to that Passion, to which both Reason and his

his Father directed him. But let us see how Fortune produces strange Effects from strange Causes.

There happened to be a Meeting of all the Shepherds Daughters in *Sicily*, and *Fawnia* was chosen Queen for that Day; and dressing herself in her best Cloaths, spent the Day among her Companions in such rural Pastimes and Diversions, as Shepherdesses used. The Evening drawing on, they quitted their Sport, and took Leave of each other, *Fawnia* desiring a Neighbouring Shepherdess to accompany her to see if her Flock was folded. It happened, that *Dorastus*, who had spent the Day in Hawking, met these *Two Virgins*, and stood in Amazement when he beheld the Beauty of *Fawnia*, desirous to know if Nature had been so liberal to adorn her Mind with Qualities equal to those of her Body, began to ask her several Questions. *As whose Daughter she was? Of what Age? And what Education she had?* She answered him with so much Modesty and sharp Wit, that he thought her outward Beauty was only a Counterfeit to eclipse her inward Qualities. He wondred how such Courtly Behaviour could be found in one who was bred up in a poor Cottage; and cursed Fortune, who had clouded Wit and Beauty with such hard Usage. *Cupid* wounded him so deep, that he lost his Liberty, and became a Slave to Love, and he who had before despised Love, was now glad to gaze upon a poor Shepherdess, who had refused the Offer of a rich Princess. But looking upon this as a passionate Joy, that he could

throw

row off at Pleasure, in order to avoid the
 yren that enchanted him, he bid the Fair
 shepherdes Farewel, and clapt Spurs to his
 horse.

Fawnia, who had surveyed the Prince with
 curious Eye, began to praise his Perfections,
 and spoke so much in his Commendation, that
 he began to reprove herself for it; and endea-
 vouring to quench the Flame, which could not
 be extinguished, went Home, and feigning her-
 self to be indisposed, got her to Bed. A thou-
 sand Thoughts came into her Head; when she
 was awake, the Beauty of *Dorastus* ran in her
 Mind, and when she endeavoured to divert
 those Thoughts by Sleep, she then dreamed of
 his Perfections: And thus she spent the Night
 in broken Slumbers.

Nor did it fair better with the Prince, who
 could by no Means cast from his Remembrance,
 the sweet and engaging Features of *Fawnia*, but
 being captivated by her Wit and Beauty, his
 Thoughts were full, and wholly employed a-
 bout her; he could take no Rest, and his wound-
 ed Mind began to think of surrendering.
 However, he sometimes recollected his Rea-
 son, and reflected that *Fawnia* was but a Shep-
 herdes, unworthy the Love of a Prince upon
 that Account; and what Dishonour would it
 be to him; what Grief to the King his Father,
 if he should stoop so low, as to take such a poor
 Creature to be his Wife. He would then blame
 Fortune, and accuse his own Folly, for being so
 incautious as to cast one Glance, much more
 to think of loving *Fawnia*. But *Cupid* did not
 intend

intend to let him escape upon such easy Terms for he gave him a fresh Wound, which pierced his Heart, and he expostulated thus with himself

‘ How would it please my Father to be assured that I could Love. O Divine Law feared of all Men, because honoured by the Gods; not to be suppressed with Wisdom because not to be comprehended by Reason. But then who, or what is the Person, whom I Love? A Shepherd’s Daughter. Is a Person of such groveling Birth, a Match suitable for a King’s Son? Is she fit for High Birth Dignities, and Kingdoms? I will rather die than undervalue my self at such a Rate, for it is better to perish with high Desires, than live to entertain a mean-spirited Thought. But Beauty bears a Sovereign Comptroul, she must and will be obeyed; and when Wit is joyned to Beauty, what Mortal can wrest the united Force; I therefore will obey; for ’tis but lost Labour to endeavour to stem the Current of a rapid Flood. Dear *Fawnia* Witty *Fawnia*, Beautiful *Fawnia*, to you I yield, thou art Mistress of my Heart, and in spite of Fortune shall be mine. The Gods above disdain not to love Women, why then should I? *Jupiter* loved *Danas*, and *Apollo* loved *Daphne*; and why may I not I love *Fawnia*? Their Love was vicious and lustful, mine honourable and chaste: Herein I surpass the Gods themselves. What, tho’ *Fawnia* be inferior in Birth, yet she is superior in Beauty; and though born a poor Shepherdess, yet worthy to be a Goddess. Will not

my Choice be displeasing to my Father, disagreeable to the Subjects, a Grief to my Friends, and Joy to my Foes? it may be so: But can I help it? The Gods have given me a Soul susceptible of Love, chaste and virtuous Love, and there is no resisting the Laws of Nature: In seeking to prevent Causes, we further the Effects. It is decreed *Fawnia*, and nothing can reverse that Decree. I will praise thee, I will honour thee, I will love thee.

Poor *Fawnia* was in as much Pain and Perplexity as *Dorastus*: She got up early in the Morning, and went to her Sheep, driving them into the Fields, and shifting the Folds, hoping by hard Labour, to cast out of her Mind the Love she had newly entertained. Wearied with Toit, she sat down (poor Soul!) upon the Side of a Hill, and began to accuse her own Folly for having such fond Affection for the Prince.

Unfortunate *Fawnia*, says she, *thy Shepherdess's Hook shews thy poor Estate, and thy Desires thy aspiring Mind! Thoughts above Fortune breed Disdain, and no Bird can gaze against the Sun but the Eagle. Art thou not a Shepherdess, the Daughter of Porrus; Be content with this, and thou shalt stand; but if you climb, then in all Probability thou wilt fall. Daring Affections that exceed Measure, will be cut short by Time and Fortune: Suppress then those Thoughts, which in Prudence you ought not to express. But, Ah! Fawnia, Love is a Lord, who will command by Power, and constrain by Force. Dorastus,*
Ah!

Ah ! Dorastus is the Man I love ; the worse my Fortune, and the less Cause I have to hope. Will Eagles catch at Flies ? or Cedars stoop to Brambles ? Dorastus is a Prince, and respects his Honour, and I a poor Shepherd's Child for getting my Calling : Cease then to Love Dorastus, and dissemble thy Love Fawnia, for it is better to die with Grief, than to live with Shame. O the Gods ! Why did you give me a Soul capable of the most noble Passion, and not a Fortune to answer my Desire. Well ! in spite of Love I will sigh, to see if I can sigh out Love.

Fawnia, having by these Soliloquies, partly assuaged her Grief, began to walk round her Sheep, and prevent them from straying in the Corn ; suppressing her Affections with the due Consideration of her low Estate, and with the Improbability, if not Impossibility of obtaining her Desire.

But *Dorastus* was more impatient in his Passions ; for Love had assaulted him so furiously, that neither Company nor Musick could assuage, that seem'd rather to increase his Distemper. He durst not ask Advice in this Case, nor impart the Secret to a Friend, least it should come to his Father's Ears, and provoke his Displeasure. Thus he lingered a while in Suspence ; at last he retired privately from the Court without any Attendants, and went to the Fields, hoping he should see *Fawnia*. He walked, and looked about with the piercing Eyes of a Lover, but could not see the Person he loved ; enraged at such a Disappointment, he began to accuse both Love and Fortune.

fortune : But while he was thus perplexed, he beheld *Fawnia* sitting under the Side of a Hill, making a Garland of the best Flowers that the Field did afford. This Sight cherished his Heart, and revived his drooping Spirits, and drawing nigh, to take a Survey with better Judgment of her Perfections, he found them to be such, that although she was in a Home-Spun, Country-Dress, yet she looked more beautiful than all the Court-Ladies of *Sicily*, when dressed in their richest Attire. As *Dorastus* stood thus admiring *Fawnia's* Beauty, she chanced to look about and see him, which sudden and unexpected Sight, dy'd her Chrystal Cheeks with Vermillion Colour, and gave her such a Grace, that she looked in the Prince's Eyes to be the Queen of Love. She presently rose up, and saluted *Dorastus* in such a modest Manner, and made such a genteel Curtesie, that it was surprizing to him, to see a Country Maid, a poor Shepherdess, so polish'd and refin'd in her Behaviour. The Prince repaid her Compliment with a smiling Countenance, and began to discourse with her in the following Manner.

Fair Virgin, says he, either your Want is great, or the Life of a Shepherdess is very sweet, That you take such Delight in Rural Labours. I cannot conceive what Satisfaction you can enjoy, unless you design to imitate the Nymphs, you, yourself, being so very like a Nymph : Therefore to resolve my Doubts, I desire you will shew me what is to be commended in a Shepherd's Life, and what Pleasure you can have to countervail your drudging Labours.

C

Fawnia,

Fawnia, with Blushes in her Face, returned this Answer. *Sir*, what richer State can there be than Content? Or what sweeter Life than that which gives Peace and Quiet? As we Shepherdessees are not born to Honour, nor beholden to Beauty, so the less Care we have to fear Fame or Fortune. We account our Raiment fine enough, if it be warm enough, and our Food dainty, if it suffices Nature. Our greatest Enemy is the Wolf, and our greatest Care is to keep our Flocks safe. Instead of Courtly Tunes, we spend the Day with Country Songs and we delight more to talk of Pan and his Country Sports, than Lovers to discourse of Venus and her wanton Toys. Our Toil is to spight our Folds, and to look to our Flocks is Pleasure. Our greatest Wealth is not to covet; our Honour not to climb: Envy looks not so low as a Shepherd; Shepherds do not gaze so high as Ambition: We are Rich, in that we are Poor with Content, and Proud only in this, that we have no Cause to be Proud.

Dorastus was so well pleased with this witty Answer, that he commended himself for making so good a Choice; determining with himself that if her Birth was answerable to her good Sense, Wit, and Beauty, *Fawnia* would be a fit Match for the most famous Prince in the World. His Inclination therefore led him to try her further.

Fawnia, I perceive that thou art content with Country Labours, because you are not acquainted with Courtly Labours: I commend your Wit and pity your Poverty: Will you forsake thy Father?

Father's Cottage to attend upon a Lady at Court?

Sir, says *Fawnia*, Beggars ought not to strive against Fortune, nor gaze against Honour, lest their Conditions become worse, or they are made Blind. I am born to Toil for the Court, and not in the Court, and it is better to live in a low Estate, than in high Disdain.

Well *Fawnia*, quoth *Dorastus*, I guess your Thoughts, you Love a Country Shepherd.

Pardon me, Sir, says *Fawnia*, if I say Shepherds cannot love, they are so simple ; and Maids may not, because they are so young.

In my Opinion, says *Dorastus*, Maids must love, because they are young ; *Cupid* is a Child, and *Venus*, though old, is painted with fresh Colours.

Yes, Sir, says she, Age may be painted with new Shadows, and Youth may have imperfect Actions ; but what Art conceals in one, Ignorance reveal in the other.

Dorastus was not better pleased with *Fawnia's* Wit and Sense, then he had been before, tho' then believed she had not an Equal ; but finding that some of his Attendants were coming towards him, yet before they drew so near as to over-hear, he resolved to try her a little further.

Perhaps, *Fawnia*, I love thee, and then you must needs yield ; for you know that I have Power, and can command and constrain.

'Tis true, Sir, says she, I acknowledge your Power, but though you may Command, yet with Submission, you cannot constrain to Love ; for

constrained Love is Force. And give me leave to say, (and I speak it not out of Vanity) that I set so great a Value upon my Honesty, that I would rather die than be a Concubine, even to a King, and my Birth is so low and groveling, that I am not fit to be a Farmer's Wife.

Why then, says he, you cannot love Dorastus?

Yes, says Fawnia, when Dorastus becomes a Shepherd.

A Stop was put to their further Discourse by the Approach of the Prince's Attendants, and returning to the Palace, he left *Fawnia* sitting on the Hill side; who perceiving the Night to draw on, drove the Sheep to their Folds, and employed herself in other Work, to put away such Thoughts as began to trouble her Head. But all she could do availed nothing: *Dorastus* had made such an Impression on her Heart, which could not easily be erased; she then began to argue with herself in this Manner.

Ah! *Fawnia*! Why dost thou gaze against the Sun? Or catch at the Wind? Stars are to be seen with the Eye, not touched with the Hand: And Thoughts must be measured by Fortune, not by Desire: Falls come by climbing high, and not by sitting low, But what then, must all fall, because some happen to fall? No; Luck comes by Lot, and Fortune winds those Threads which the *Destinies* Spin. Thou art favoured by a Prince, and yet you reject desired Favour; Denial is at thy Tongue's End, and Desire at the Bottom of thy Heart. Thou lovest *Dorastus*, and seemest to be out of Humour;

mour ; It is a Womanish Fault to spurn at that with her Foot, which she eagerly catches at with her Hand. Take heed therefore, for if he withdraws, thou wilt repent ; for unless he loves, thou must die ; Die then, *Fawnia*, for *Dorastus* does but jest with thee. Will the Lion prey upon a Mouse, or the Falcon stoop at a dead Stale ? Sit down then in thy Sorrow, cease to love, and be contented that *Dorastus* will condescend to flatter *Fawnia*, though not to love *Fawnia*. Hey heo ! Ah ! Fool that I am, it is better to whistle as a Shepherdess, than to sigh as a Lover.

Having thus in some Measure discharged her Grief and Anguish of Mind, and given Vent to her perplexed Passion, she put her Sheep into the Fold, and hastened to her poor Cottage.

But such was the constant Sorrow and Perplexity of *Dorastus*, to think on the Wit and Beauty of *Fawnia*, and to see how fond he was being a Prince, and how forward she was being a Beggar, that he began to lose his Appetite, to loath his Meat, and to look pale and wan : Instead of Mirth, he fed on Melancholy : Infomuch, that not only they that attended on him, but his Father *Egistus*, and all the Court, began to wonder what could be the Cause of this sudden Change, imagining that some lingering Sickness had reduced him to this State ; whereupon the King ordered his Physicians to attend the Prince, and consult what Remedies were proper to be given in order to recover his Health. But

Dorastus would not suffer them to feel his Pulse, or to inspect into his Urine ; but remain so oppressed with Love, that he himself began to apprehend some bad Consequence to proceed from it. His Honour prompted him to desist from such an idle Fancy, but Love spurred him on to follow his Fancy, and in spite of Honour, Love got the Conquest. He made himself a Shepherd's Coat, and provided a Crook, that he might go unknown, and without Suspicion, to talk with *Fawnia* ; and he conveyed them privately into a Grove, adjoining to the Palace, and watching a proper Opportunity, he put off his Princely Apparel, and attired himself in the Shepherd's Coat, and taking his Crook in his Hand, went to find the Mistress of his Heart. But as he walked along, viewing himself in such an homely Garment, unbecoming his Dignity, he thus began to reprove his Folly and Fondness.

Well *Dorastus*, do you keep a good Decorum ? A strange Change from a Prince to a Peasant ! Thy Thoughts are fit for none but a Shepherd, and thy Apparel such only as does become a Peasant. Do thy cursed Destinies appoint thee this Penance ; Ah ! *Dorastus*, thou must Love, and unless thou dost Love, thou must perish with Love : Yet fond as thou art, be not a Fool, chuse Flowers, and not Weeds ; Diadems not Pebbles. Ladies will Honour thee, but Shepherdesses will Disgrace thee. *Venus* is painted in Silks, and not in Rags : And yet *Dorastus*, be not ashamed of thy Shepherd's Weed, the Heavenly Gods have sometimes earthly Thoughts.

Neptune

Neptune became a Ram; *Jupiter* a Bull; *Apollo* Shepherd: They were Gods, and yet in Love; I am a Mortal, and must be in Love.

Dorastus drew near to the Place where his beloved *Fawnia* kept her Sheep, who seeing a clean limb'd Shepherd approaching her with some Speed, began to forget *Dorastus*, and entertain kind Thoughts of one, whom she imagined was a more equal Match, and whom she believed she could love and obtain. But as these Thoughts were crowding in upon her, she distinguished him to be the young Prince *Dorastus*, upon which she rose up, and with all the Respect and Modesty imaginable, saluted him. *Dorastus* taking her by the Hand, and pressing it to his Heart, repaid her Compliment with a Kiss; and desiring her to sit down by him, the following Dialogue ensued.

You may wonder, *Fawnia*, at my strange Apparel, but you might wonder more at my unusual Thoughts; the one disgraces my outward Shape, the other disturbs my inward Senses. I love thee, *Fawnia*, and how can I mislike what Love does like. You promised to Love, and I challenge you to perform that Promise: I fulfilled your Request, and now you have no Excuse for not granting mine. You said you could love *Dorastus* if he became a Shepherd, and now see the Prince has made an Exchange, and therefore ought not to be baulk'd in his Expectation.

'Tis true, says *Fawnia*, you have made a Change, but Painted Eagles are not Eagles! *Zuexis* his Grapes were like Grapes, but in Reality were Shadows: Rich Cloathing does not

make Princes, nor homely Attire Beggars. Shepherds are not called Shepherds, because they wear Shepherds Cloaths, and have a Hook and a Scrip, but because they attend their Flocks, and take Care of the Sheep. So this Apparel has not made Dorastus a Shepherd, but it has made him to appear like a Shepherd.

Well, Fawnia, if I were a Shepherd, I could not refrain from loving you; and being a Prince, I am forced to love you. Beware, Fawnia, and remember that Beauty is a Flower that often fades in its Bloom, and they who are disdainful in Youth, are justly despised in Age. If my Desire was contrary to Virtuous Love, then you might with Reason deny it; but I love you, Fawnia, not to misuse you as a Concubine, but to use you as a Wife; I cannot promise more, nor do intend to perform less.

Fawnia hearing this honest Declaration of Dorastus, could not hold out any longer; and therefore yielded in these Terms.

Ah! Dorastus, I am ashamed to confess what you force me to express; Beggars ought not to reach so far as Kings, and yet my Desires reach at Princes. I dare not say, Dorastus, I love you, because you are a Prince, and I a Shepherdess: But the Gods can Witness how I have honoured Dorastus; (Pardon if I speak amiss,) yes, and how I love Dorastus, with all the dutiful Affection, which Fawnia can perform, or Dorastus desire. I yield, being overcome with Love, and by Prayers, and remain Dorastus's Hand-Maid, ready to obey his Will, if no
Prejudice

Prejudice be offer'd to his Honour, or to my Credit.

Dorastus overjoy'd at this friendly Conclusion, embraced *Fawnia*, swearing that neither Time, or Place should alienate or diminish his Affection, but would remain Constant and Faithful to Death.

Having plighted their Faith to each other, and seeing they could not have the full Fruition of their Love in *Sicily*, because *Egistus* would never consent to such a Match, *Dorastus* determin'd, as soon as Time and Opportunity would permit, to provide a large Sum of Money, and many rich and valuable Jewels, and then to transport themselves and their Treasure into *Italy*, where they might lead a contented Life, till either *Egistus* should be reconcil'd to him, or he by Succession come to the Kingdom. This Project was very pleasing and acceptable to *Fawnia*, who feared if the King should hear the Contract, that nothing less than Death could appease his Fury. She therefore told him that Delay was dangerous, and to avoid Danger, it were best, with as much Speed as may be, to quit *Sicily*, lest Fortune might prevent their Intention. *Dorastus*, whom Love urg'd forward with Desire, promised to dispatch his Affairs with as much Haste as Time and Opportunity would give leave, and after many Embraces, tender Kisses, and mutual Vows of Eternal Felicity, they parted.

Dorastus went directly to the Grove, and pulling off his Shepherd's Garment, and leaving them in a convenient Place, till Occasion should

serve again to use them, he put on his own Cloaths and went to the Palace ; and his merry Countenance shewed that the State of his Body was mended, or the Cause of his troubled Mind removed. *Fawnia*, poor Soul ! Was no less joyful that being only a Shepherdess, Fortune had been so favourable, as to reward her with the Love of a Prince, hoping in Time to be advanced from the Daughter of a poor Farmer, to be Wife to a rich King. So that she thought every Hour a Year, 'till by their Departure they did prevent Danger ; yet still she continued to go every Day to her Sheep ; not so much as for the Care of the Flock, as the Desire she had to see her Love and Lord,

Dorastus lost no Opportunity of visiting his beloved *Fawnia*, and tho' he always went in the Attire of a Shepherd, yet his frequent Visits made him to be not only suspected, but discovered by divers Neighbours ; and they out of good Will which they bore to old *Porrus*, acquainted him privately with the Matter, advising him to keep his Daughter at Home, or to have a strict Eye over her, lest by going so long to the Field, she might bring him home a young Son at last : For they heard that as *Fawnia* was so Beautiful, the Prince by his Allurements, may entice her to be his Concubine.

This News surprized *Porrus*, who thanking his Neighbours for their kind Information, hastened home to his Wife, and calling her aside, wrung his Hands, and with trickling Tears, thus said,

I fear,

I fear, Wife, that our Daughter Fawnia has been too forward, and committed Sin, and that she may buy Repentance at a dear Rate. I have News, which I could wish were not true: My Neighbours have informed me, that Prince Dorastus looks upon Fawnia with a wishful Eye, and if so, I will not give one Halspeny for her Honesty at the Year's End. I tell thee, Wife, That Beauty is a great Snare to entrap young Men; and fair Words and fine Promises, are two very great Enemies to a Maid's Honesty: And where the Poor intreat, and cannot obtain, there Princes may command, and will obtain. It is a hard Case where the Lust of a Prince is a Law, and that he should bind poor Men to that which he himself wilfully breaks.

Take Heed what you say, Quoth the Wife; speak no more than you should, lest you hear what you would not. Great Streams are to be stopt by Art, and not by Force. Do what you can; but no more than you may, lest by saving Fawnia's Maidenhead, you lose your own Head. It is dangerous to jest with edged Tools, and bad to sport with Princes: Remember, the Wolf had his Skin stript over his Ears, for looking into the Lion's Den.

You speak like a Fool, replies Porrus; if the King should know that Dorastus had got our Daughter with Child, his Fury may be such that we might lose our Goods, if not our Lives. Necessity therefore has no Law, and a Thought now comes into my Head, by which I will prevent offending the King, and not offend the Prince: I will carry the Chain and the Jewels,

which I found with Fawnia, to Egistus, and tell him that she is not my Daughter, relating the Manner I found her: By which Means, I hope the King will take Fawnia under his own Care, and then whatsoever shall happen, we shall be blameless. This pleased the good Wife, and they resolved to watch the earliest Opportunity of discovering this Affair to the King.

In the mean time *Dorastus* forwarded his Business with such Expedition, that he provided all Things necessary for the Voyage; he had amassed great Store of Treasure and Jewels, rich Apparel he had provided for *Fawnia*, and as he could not bring all Matters to bear without the Help and Advice of some One, he communicated his Design to *Capnio*, who had been one of his Servants from his Childhood; and he finding that no Arguments were of Force sufficient to dissuade him from his fixed Resolution, gave his Consent, and carried and managed every Thing with so much Privacy, that within a very short Space, he had provided a Ship for their Passage. The Master seeing a fair Gale of Wind present itself, desired *Capnio* not to slip the Opportunity, least if the Wind should chop about, he might stay longer than he expected. *Capnio*, in the Night-time conveyed the Trunks and Baggage on board, and found a convenient time of acquainting *Fawnia*, that they must depart the next Morning. She slept little that Night, and rising early the next Morning, she went to unfold her Sheep, which she drove into the Fields, expecting every Minute to see *Dorastus*. He soon appeared on Horse-

Horfeback, and taking up his betrothed *Fawnia* behind him, galloped to the Haven where the Ship lay; and the Seamen knowing him by his Garb, a Description of which they had received from *Capnio*, they rowed to Shore with their Boat, and carried the Prince and *Fawnia* on Board, where we must leave them in their Cabbin, to see what passed at Land.

Porrus hearing that King *Egistus* would go abroad to take the Air that Morning, put on his Holiday-Cloaths, and taking the Chain and Jewels, which he found with *Fawnia*, he put them in his Bosom. As he was going to the Palace, *Fortune*, who design'd to play at Cross-Purposes with him, flung *Capnio* in his Way, who was hastening to the Port with a Casket under his Arm, and seeing *Porrus*, whom he knew to be *Fawnia's* Father, going to Court, went towards him, and asked him where he was bending his Steps so early? *Porrus*, who knew that he belonged to Court, told him, that Prince *Dorastus* had dealt hardly with him; for, says he, I have but one Daughter, who I must needs own, has some Share of Beauty, and apprehending that *Dorastus* had seduced her, and which he had Reason to suspect, was going to make his Complaint to the King, how greatly he was abused.

Capnio, who knew more of the Matter than *Porrus* imagin'd, began to wheedle him, and said, that *Dorastus* did not behave himself like a Prince, to debauch any poor Man's Daughter, and promised to assist *Porrus* in what lay in his Power, because he was a poor Man. But, continued

tinued he, you will lose your Labour in going to the Palace, for the King designs to go on Board a Ship that lies in the Harbour, and to take the Air on the Sea ; if therefore you will take my Advice, I counsel you to follow me, who am going to provide all Things necessary for his Majesty's Reception ; and I will place you so conveniently, that you may speak to the King at your Pleasure. *Porrus* believing *Capnio* to be a real Friend, thanked him for his friendly Advice, and went with him to the Port, complaining against *Dorastus*, but concealing the Chain and Jewels. The Master of the Ship seeing *Capnio*, order'd his Boat to be Mann'd and to bring him on Board, and he asking *Porrus* if he would see the Ship, the other not being acquainted with him, and fearing the worst, endeavour'd to excuse himself, by saying, that he was apprehensive he could not bear the Sea, and therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio perceiving that he could not persuade him by fair Means to go on Board, commanded the Mariners to carry him to the Ship by Violence, which they performed accordingly ; and *Porrus* seeing himself so cunningly betrayed, thought that it would not avail him any thing to cry out, or exclaim against *Capnio*, and therefore began to intreat him and the Sailors to be kind to him, and pity his Condition, who was but a poor Man, and lived by his Labour. But they were as deaf to his Entreaties, as the Wind and Waves to the Prayers of sinking Passengers, and laugh'd to see him so much afraid. As soon as

Porrus

Porrus came on Board, he saw *Dorastus* walking with *Fawnia*, whom he scarce knew by Reason of the rich Apparel in which she was attired, which so increased her Beauty, that she appeared to be rather an Angel, than a mortal Creature.

Dorastus and *Fawnia* were much astonish'd to see *Porrus*, and could not imagine what Wind had brought him thither ; but *Capnio* soon solved their Doubts, by telling them, that by good Fortune he had met the Shepherd going to complain to the King of the Injury which *Dorastus* had done to *Fawnia* ; but by Policy he prevented him, and by Force brought him into the Ship ; he therefore advised them to carry him with them to *Italy*, the better to avoid further Danger. *Dorastus* approved this Counsel, but *Fawnia*, who still feared and respected *Porrus* as her Father, blush'd, that by her Means he should run any Danger.

The Shepherd hearing that he should be carried from his Wife, his Friends, and his Kinsfolks, into a foreign Country among Strangers, began with Tears to make his Complaint, and on his Knees to entreat *Dorastus* to pardon his rash Folly, and permit him to go Home, protesting to keep all Things as secret as he could wish : But all his Protestations and Entreaties did not avail any thing, even though *Fawnia* did also intreat *Dorastus* on the Behalf of *Porrus* ; but we must leave them to pursue their Voyage with a fair Gale, and return to Court.

Egistus having appointed a Day for Hunting in one of his Forests, called for his Son *Dorastus* to accompany him, hoping that the Sport might divert away the Melancholy, with which he had perceived of late he was infected ; but his Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, told the King that the Prince went abroad very early, to walk (as he supposed) in the Grove according to his daily Custom. The King sent some of his Attendants to find out *Dorastus*, but returning unsuccessful, *Egistus* went without him, and having spent the Day in Hunting, when he came back to the Palace, he again asked for his Son, and was enraged because no Body could give any Account of him. Next Morning the Nobles and the Courtiers posted away throughout *Sicily*, but heard no News of the Prince, and the King being informed that *Capnio* was missing, began to form a Thousand Doubts and Fears in his Mind. Two or Three Days being passed, and no Account to be given of *Dorastus*, his Father *Egistus* fearing that he was devoured by some wild Beasts, ordered several Troops of Horse to Scour the Country, and get what Intelligence they could, or to pick up his Bones if it had been his hard Fate to become a Prey to the Savage Brutes. They searched in every Place that was suspected, till at last they met with a Fisherman hard by the Sea-side, mending his Net, who saw *Dorastus* and *Fawnia* go on Ship-board : Who being examined if he had seen or heard any thing of the Prince, very ingeniously told them, that a few Days ago he had seen

Dorastus

Dorastus and *Capnio*, *Porrus* and his Daughter *Fawnia* put off to Sea. This heavy News was presently carried to the King, who very much grieved, commanded the Wife of *Porrus* to be brought before him, who told his Majesty that her Neighbours had often told her, that the Prince was too familiar with her Daughter *Fawnia*; and thereupon her Husband apprehending the worst, rose early in the Morning about six or seven Days ago (hearing that his Majesty was to go to Hunt) in order to make his Complaint, and that she had neither seen, nor heard of her Husband since.

Eristus perceiving with what unfeigned Simplicity she told her Tale, dismissed her; but he grieved so much for his Son's Folly, who had forgot his Dignity and Parentage, and made so low a Choice to dishonour his Father, and discredit himself, that it flung him into a high Fever: And he being well stricken in Years, and his Constitution weak, his Physicians had no Hopes of his Recovery.

But *Dorastus* regarded neither Father, Country, nor Kingdom, all his Hopes, and all his Delight and Satisfaction, were placed in his dear *Fawnia*. Fortune at first smiled upon these Two Lovers, and they had for some Time such a prosperous and fair Gale of Wind, that they steered their Course for *Italy* with Pleasure, the Mariners having very little to do, but to Eat, Drink, and Sleep. But one Morning, about the Break of Day, the Sky began to be overcast, the Winds to rise, and the Sea to swell; at last a great Storm ensued,

ensued, and the Main-Mast being blown down by the Board, was thrown overboard; the Sails were shattered, and the Tackle rended asunder; and the Storm still raging with Fury, *Fawnia* was almost dead with Fear, and her only Comfort was *Dorastus*. For the Space of three Days, they expected nothing but Death, and the Heavens were so much overcast, that having lost their Reckoning, the Mariners could not tell what Coast they were near. On the Fourth Day, about Eight o'Clock in the Morning, the Storm began to abate, the Sky to clear up, and the Sea to be calm, and presently they saw Land, which the Seamen easily knew to be the Coast of *Bohemia*, and discharged several Pieces of Cannon, for Joy that they had so happily escaped such a dreadful Storm.

Dorastus hearing that they were safely arrived at some Harbour, congratulated *Fawnia* thereon, and bid her be of good Heart; but when he had been informed that the Port belonged to the chief City of *Bohemia*, where *Pandosto* kept his Court, *Dorastus* began to be sorrowful, knowing that his Father, *Egistus*, hated no Man more than *Pandosto*, whom he had endeavoured to poison. Upon this a Consultation was held, whether it was prudent to go on Shore, and *Capnio* advised that they should change their Names, and dissemble their Country, until such Time as they could get another Ship to carry them to *Italy*, and not be afraid to go to Land. *Dorastus* approved this Advice, and making his Case known to the Sailors, rewarded them bountifully for their Pains, and

and charged them to say he was a Gentleman
Trapalonia, and his Name *Meleagrus*. The
 Mariners promised to be as Secret as they could,
 as he could Wish, and thereupon they landed,
 and went to a little Village, a Mile distant from
 the City, where having spent one Day, and
 preparing to make Provision for their Marriage;
 the Fame of *Fawnia*'s Beauty was spread through-
 out all the City, and at last came to the Ears of
Pandoſto. He was then in the Sixtieth Year of
 his Age, and having youthful Affections, was so
 much fired with the Thoughts of the fair Stran-
 ger's Beauty, that he had a strong Inclination to
 see her. To bring this Matter the better to pass,
 hearing that they had but one Servant and an old
 Man with them, and that they had taken up
 their Quarters at a very homely House, he cau-
 sed them to be apprehended as Spies, sending
 twelve of his Guards to take them; they deliver-
 ing the King's Message, *Dorastus* not in the least
 daunted, accompanied with *Fawnia* and *Capnio*,
 went to the Court, leaving *Porrus* to take Care of
 their Treasure: And being admitted to the King's
 Presence, they paid their Obeisance to his Maje-
 sty. *Pandoſto* amazed at the singular Perfection
 of *Fawnia*, stood half astonished at her Beauty,
 and almost forgot what he had to do: At last
 with a stern Countenance, he demanded their
 Names, and what Country they were of, and
 why, or how they came to Land in *Bohemia*?
 Sir, said *Dorastus*, with an unshaken Resolution,
 know that my Name is *Meleagrus*, a Knight, born
 and bred up in *Trapalonia*, and this Gentlewo-
 man

man, whom I intend to make my Wife, is an *Italian* born at *Padua*, from whence I have now brought her. The Reason why my Train is so few, is because her Friends unwilling to consent to our Marriage, I intended to convey her secretly into *Trapalonia*, and as we were sailing, by the Strefs of Weather I was driven upon this Coast. Thus you have heard my Name, my Country, and the Cause of my Voyage. *Pandosto* rising from his Seat in a Passion, thus replied ;

Meleagrus, I very much doubt your smooth Tale has little Truth, and that you cover a foul Skin with fair Painting. This Lady by her Grace and Beauty seems to be of a high Degree and more fit for some mighty Prince, than for a simple Knight ; and you like a perjured Traitor have bereft her Parents of her, to their present Grief, and her ensuing Sorrow. Therefore until I can be thoroughly informed of her Birth and Education, and till you can procure a Certificate from Trapalonia, to confirm the Truth of what you have related concerning thy self, I will detain ye in Bohemia.

Dorastus, in whom rested the most Princely Valour, not able to stomach the Reproaches of *Pandosto*, made him this Answer. *It is very unbecoming, and contrary to the Honour of a Knight, to reproach any Man of ill Behaviour without due Proof ; or upon Suspicion to form a Beleif : Strangers ought to be entertained with Curtesy, not to be treated with Cruelty, which is contrary to the Laws of Nations, and the Customs of Countries ; lest the Gods revenge their*

Causes

use with Rigour, who are obliged through
ability to put up Injuries.

Pandosto was so much enraged at this bold and
ourageous Reply, that he immediately com-
manded *Dorastus* to be committed to Prison, till
such Time as they should hear further of his Plea-
re ; but gave strict Charge that *Fawnia* should
be entertained in the Court with such Civility as
belonged to a Stranger, and ordered the Ship's
crew to be put into a Dungeon. Having thus
handled the supposed *Trapalonians*, *Pandosto*,
notwithstanding his Age, began to be smitten
with the Beauty of *Fawnia*, insomuch that he
could not find any Rest by Day or Night ; and
having a thousand Thoughts in his Head, he be-
gan thus to reflect with himself.

How art thou disturbed, *Pandosto*, with new
passions, and unbecoming Fancies ! You wish
to possess with an unwilling Mind, and a hot
Desire troubled with cold Disdain. Shall thy
passion lead thee to yield, now thou art old, to
that which thou didst resist when you were
young. For Shame *Pandosto*, do not reveal
that you ought in Prudence and Honour to
conceal for ever. Ay, but *Fawnia* is beauti-
ful : But then it is beneath thee to stoop to
one who is thy Captive, and another Man's
concubine. Hot Desire turns often to cold
disdain, and Love is slippery where Appetite
and Reason bears Sway. King's Thoughts
ought to climb up to the Heavens, and not look
lower than Honour ; and 'tis better to peck at
the Stars with the Eagle than to prey upon dead

Car-

Carcafes with the Vulture ; and it is more honourable and becoming the Majesty of *Pandosto* to die by concealing Love, than to enjoy such Love as derogates from his Dignity. Does *Pandosto* then Love ? Yes, he loves a Stranger, one of whom perhaps he has no true Account, on which he may depend ; one that has straggled out of her own Country, and perhaps immodestly Beautiful, but not therefore Chaste ; Comely in Body, but it may be Crooked in Mind. Cease then, *Pandosto*, to look at *Fawnia*, much less love her ; be not led away by Woman's Beauty whose Eyes are framed by Art to enslave, and whose Heart is framed by Nature to enchant ; whose Tears, false as the *Crocodile*, know their due Time, and alluring Words pierce deeper than Swords.

Here *Pandosto* broke off his Discourse, but not his Love ; for although he endeavoured by summoning to his Assistance, Reason, and Prudence, to suppress his frantick Passion, yet they availed nothing ; he could take no Rest, *Fawnia's* Beauty had made such an Impression on his Heart. Walking one Day in his Park, he sent one of his Attendants to tell *Fawnia*, he desired to speak with her, and when she came, he thus said to her :

Fawnia, I commend both thy Beauty and thy Wit, and now pity thy Distress and thy unhappy Condition ; but if you will forsake Sir Melegrus, (whose Poverty, though a Knight, is unable to maintain an Equipage suitable to your Beauty,

Beauty,

*Beauty) and yield to Pandosto, I will advance
 thee both to Dignities and Riches.*

I little expected says *Fawnia*, to hear such an ungenerous Proposal, and so unworthy the Majesty of a King, to proceed from the Mouth of *Pandosto*; know, thou Seducer of Virgin's Honesty, that *Meleagrus* is a Knight who has won me by honourable Love, and he alone shall wear me. It was our unhappy Fate to be driven upon your Coast, but this Misfortune shall not diminish my Affection for him, but rather increase my Love; for True Love, like True Virtue, the more it is oppress'd, the higher it will rise; and like the *Palm-Tree*, the more Weight it has, the loftier it will raise its Head. Think not, that though your Majesty has imprison'd him without a Cause, contrary to the Rules of Hospitality to Strangers, and Generosity that ought to be shewn to every Person of Worth and Merit, that Fear, or Constraint, Threats, or Hardships, or even the most alluring Temptations that you can lay before me, shall make me yield my Consent. I have a Monarch's Soul, though the Gods have been pleas'd to cover it with *Plebeian Clay*; and I had rather be *Meleagrus's* Wife, and a Beggar, and share with him the worse that adverse Fortune can inflict, than to be *Pandosto's* Concubine, and live in all the Pomp, Grandeur, and Plenty, that he can afford.

Pandosto was surprized to hear this stinging and resolute Answer from *Fawnia*, and yet notwithstanding this, would prosecute his Suit to
 the

the uttermost, endeavouring by fair Words, and large Promises, to scale the Fort of her Chastity. He swore that if she would grant his Desire, and comply with his Request, he would not only set *Meleagrus* at Liberty, but he would confer Honours upon him, and Rank him among his Nobles at Court. But these alluring Baits could not withdraw her Affection from her betrothed *Dorastus*; and *Pandosto* observing how firm she was, and unshaken in her Love to *Meleagrus*, did not prosecute his Suit any further for that Time, but left her to consider further upon the Propositions he had made; and being alone, she thus meditated. O! Unfortunate *Fawnia*, you see that to aspire above Fortune, is to strive against the Gods and Fortune: Whosoever gazeth on the Sun, impairs his Sight, and they who stare at the Stars, often fall into deep Pits: Had you rest contented to be a Shepherdess, you need not have been brought to this hard Condition, and it had been better for you to have sat low and enjoyed a sweet Repose, than by climbing, to have fallen into this Misery. But alas! I am not concerned at my own Danger, but I fear *Dorastus's* Displeasure. O *Dorastus*, *Dorastus*! Thou art a Prince, but now a Prisoner, and by too much Love has procured thy own Disgrace and Hardship. Had you not loved *Fawnia*, you would have been Fortunate: Shall I then be false to him, who has forsaken a Kingdom, and chose a Prison for my Sake? The Gods forbid. Would my Death might deliver him, so my Honour were preserved.

Here

Here she ceased her Complaints, and drawing a deep Sigh, returned to the Palace, enjoying Liberty without Content, and proffered Pleasure without any Joy, or Satisfaction. But poor Dorastus lay all the While in a close Prison, and forced to bear the Pain of cold and heavy Irons, as if he had been a Traytor, or Malefactor: Repining some Times, and reflecting upon the Hardship which his Love and Affection for Fawnia had procured him; and that by his Disobedience to his Father, the Gods had sent this Judgment upon him. Another Time he would curse the Gods and Fortune, for crossing him with such a cruel Disappointment in his Love; uttering at last his Passion in these Words:

*O unfortunate Wretch! Thy Folly has now
 its Deserts: Is not thy Misfortune, and the
 greatest Punishment that can be inflicted, due
 to thy Unworthiness? Cou'd you expect the De-
 linies to favour you, who hast forgot thy Ho-
 nour and Dignity? Will not the Gods pour
 down their Plagues and Vengeance, upon the
 Man who gives Uneasiness to his Father, by his
 Disobedience? O ye Gods! If any Favour or
 Justice be left in Store, plague me, but spare,
 O poor Fawnia! Shield and defend her from
 the Tyranny and Assault of the barbarous and
 ungenerous Pandosto; and then welcome Death,
 if my Death can set her at Liberty, and pro-
 cure her Safety.*

Pandosto, whose weak, thin Blood, boiled with the Heat of unlawful Concupiscence, being fired with Lust, could take no Rest; his Mind was

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disquieted

disquieted with raging Desire, insomuch that his Nobles and Courtiers were much surprized at his sudden Alteration, not being able to assign any Cause for this strange and unaccountable Change in him. He thought every Hour was a Year, 'till he had talked once more with *Fawnia*; he therefore sent for her privately to his Chamber, whither she was conducted very unwillingly; he entertained her civilly, and then ensued the following Dialogue.

Tell me, *Fawnia*, says *Pandosto*, have you considered what I mentioned to you, when we walked together in the Park? Are you become less stubborn, and more wise? Will you prefer the Love of a King, before the Affection of a poor Knight? I perswade myself, you are of Opinion, that it is better to be favoured by a King, than by a Subject.

Pandosto, replies *Fawnia*, I know thou hast Power, and am too sensible that you have exerted it, in an arbitrary Manner upon the Innocent, who neither invaded your Country, but was driven into it by Strefs of Weather, or had a Design or Intention to seduce your Subjects from their Allegiance, which they bear to you: Why then do you endeavour to allure me from the Faith and Fealty I owe to *Meleagrus*? Know thou, Sovereign of *Bohemia*, that though the Body is subject to Victory, yet the Mind is not to be subdued with Conquest: Honesty is to be preferred before Honours, and one Dram of Faith will weigh down a Tun of Gold. I have promised my Love to *Meleagrus*, and nothing but
Death

Death shall prevent me from fulfilling that promise.

I cannot think, *Fawnia*, says *Pandosto*, that you can be so unwise in your Choice, as to refuse the Love of a King, or so ungrateful to make no Return for a good Offer; you are now in a Place, where I may command, and yet you will only entreat: My Power is such that I might compel by Force, and yet I only sue by prayers. Yield therefore *Fawnia*, thy Love to him, who burns with Love of you; *Meleagrus* shall be set free, thy Countrymen discharged, and you be both loved and honoured.

Why do you talk of Love, answers *Fawnia*, who art a Stranger to that Godlike Passion? The Love you pretend to have for me, is but a covering to disguise your hot and brutal Inclination, and is no other in reality than Lust: And where Lust bears Sway, there a miserable Virgin is in Danger: But know this, that I will always prefer my Reputation before my Life, and chuse Death rather than Disgrace. Is it a man's Honour think you, to draw down a whole Army against a small Village, that is weak and defenceless, and to ransack a poor inoffensive People, who cannot defend themselves? Much less is it honourable to seduce an innocent Maiden, or to compel her by Force and superiour Strength, to yield to what the Gods abhor, and what none but an abandoned and lascivious Prince would require.

Pandosto seeing that in *Fawnia* there was a determined Courage to hate him, and a fixed Resolution to love *Meleagrus*, fled from her in a Rage, with Eyes that sparkled with Indignation; and swore, that if in a short Time she could not be won by Entreaty, he would lay aside all Courtesy and Civility, and compass her by Rigour to yield to his Desire. But these Threats did not terrify *Fawnia*, but served only to heighten her Disesteem for *Pandosto*; whom she could look upon, tho' a King, to be no other than a base Corrupter of Virgin Honesty.

While this Affair was in Agitation, *Egistus* received News from Merchants in *Bohemia*, that his Son *Dorastus* was imprison'd by *Pandosto*, and tho' he had Reason to be angry with the Prince, for his sudden Flight and Disobedience, yet the hard Treatment he met with, raised Compassion in him. He considered, that as *Bel-laria* and he had been clear'd by the Oracle of *Apollo*, of the Crime laid to their Charge, very unjustly by *Pandosto*, it would be very proper to send to him, and require that he set free Prince *Dorastus*, and put to Death *Fawnia* and her Father *Porrus*. This, by the Advice of his Council, being approved to be the best Method for obtaining his Son's Liberty, he order'd two Ships to be well Mann'd, and well Victuall'd, and sent some of his Nobles Ambassadors to *Bohemia*; who willing to receive the young Prince set forward with as much Expedition as may be and being favoured with the Wind and the Sea they landed in three Days.

As soon as *Pandosto* heard of their Arrival, he went in Person to meet them, and received them in such a sumptuous and familiar Manner, that they presently perceived how sorry he was for the former Injuries, which he had offered to their King *Egistus*, and how willing to make all the Satisfaction that lay in his Power.

Pandosto entertained them with a Relation of *Meleagrus*, who, he said, was a Knight of *Trapa-
monia*, and arrived lately in his Kingdom with a Lady called *Fawnia*, who came in a very suspicious Manner, accompanied only with one Servant, and an old Shepherd. The Ambassadors perceived presently that *Meleagrus* must be the Prince *Dorastus*, who to prevent a Discovery, had taken upon him that Name, but dissembled the Matter till they arrived at Court; where being sumptuously feasted, they reported the Cause of their Embassage, certifying to *Pandosto*, that *Meleagrus* was Son and Heir to King *Egistus*; that his true Name was *Dorastus*, and that contrary to the Will of the King his Father, he had privately convey'd away *Fawnia*, with an Intent to marry her, being the Daughter of the poor Shepherd *Porrus*. That it was the Request of their Sovereign *Egistus*, to have *Dorastus* set at Liberty, and sent Home in Safety; and that *Capnia*, *Fawnia*, and *Porrus*, should be put to Death.

Pandosto having listned with Attention to their Embassage, willing to reconcile himself to *Egistus*, and to shew how greatly he esteemed his Favour, determined to execute the Will of *Egistus* without Mercy, notwithstanding the Love he had for

Fawnia. He therefore sent presently for *Dorastus* from his Confinement, who not being able to account for this unexpected Favour, was surprised to see at his coming into the King's Presence several Nobles belonging to his Father *Egistus*; as soon as they perceived the Prince, they honoured him with the greatest Respect, and *Pandosto* embracing him, seated him very lovingly in a Chair of State. *Dorastus*, ashamed of the Flight, and the Cause of it should be discovered, could not utter one Word, till *Pandosto* told him the Sum of his Father's Embassage; but he no sooner heard it, than he was touched to the quick, and exclaimed and protested in the most passionate Terms, against the cruel Sentence that was passed against *Fawnia*, *Capnolus* and *Porrus*. But he could not prevail with *Pandosto* to spare them, who commanded them to be brought before him. *Pandosto's* Love being now changed into Hatred, he began to exclaim against *Fawnia* in these Terms.

*How durst you, who were assigned by the Destinies to the lowest Fortune, with an aspiring Mind to gaze after Honour? How durst you, Beggar, entertain the Thoughts of matching with a Prince? By thy alluring Looks, to enchant the Son of a King, to forsake his own Country to fulfil thy inordinate Lust. A proud Heart in a Beggar, is like a great Fire in a small Cottage, which warms not the House, but burns it. Rest assured that thou shalt die. And thou old doating Fool, (speaking to *Porrus*) whose Fatherly bath been such, as to suffer thy Daughter*

rea

reach above thy *Fortune*, shall suffer the like Punishment. But *Capino*, thou hast betrayed thy King, and consented to the unlawful Lust of thy young Prince : I know not what Plague I may justly devise for you : Death is so easy a Punishment for your Treachery and Falshood, and to live (if not in extream Misery) would not be Justice, or Equity : I therefore sentence thee, to have thy Eyes put out, and 'till thou diest, to grind continually in a Mill, like a blind Horse.

Dorastus not able to bear the Thoughts of *Fawnia's* Death, rose up to speak ; but so great was his Passion, that he could not utter one Syllable ; and being overcome with Extremity of inward Grief, he fell back into his Chair, as a Person who had been deprived of Life : But by the timely Assistance of *Pandosto's* Physicians, they recover'd his Senses, and by their Advice, he was removed from the Sight of *Fawnia*, who spoke in this Manner :

If by my Death, I can procure any Peace, or Tranquility for Prince *Dorastus*, who is my betrothed Spouse, and whose sacred Vows so acceptable to the Gods, were made and confirmed in their Presence, and which no mortal Man can render Invalid, I am then content to die, and shall honour and love him with my latest Breath. May he enjoy all the Blessings that the Gods can pour down upon him ; and when he shall come to inherit his Father's Kingdom, may he Rule and Govern his Subjects with Prudence and Moderation ; for Wisdom and Mercy are Divine Attributes, and it is better for a Monarch to have

the Love, than the Fear of his People. I declare as I am a dying Person, that it grieves me to think, that the Grey Heirs of this venerable old Man, my kind Father *Porrus*, should be brought to the Grave by an untimely and ignominious Death, through my Means : I declare him to be innocent touchinng the Flight of Prince *Dorastus*, being brought by Force on Shipboard, and touching the Love that was between us. But who art thou, King *Pandosto*, who judgest another King's Subjects, who not having committed any thing worthy of Death since they came into thy Territories, hast past Sentence of Death against them ? and yet something within me says, thou hast a Power to judge *Fawnia*. Welcome Death, which will bring me to those Regions of Bliss, where the Gods are merciful.

Porrus, touch'd with the Words of *Fawnia*, and seeing no Hope of Life, thus spoke :

Pandosto, and ye noble Ambassadors of *Sicily*, seeing that without Cause I am condemned to die, I am glad however that I have an Opportunity to disburden my Conscience before I die. I will tell ye as much as I know, and yet no more than is true : Whereas I am accused of having been the Supporter of *Fawnia*'s Pride, and she disdained as a vile Beggar ; I must confess I am not her Father, nor she my Daughter. For it so happened, that being a poor Shepherd in *Sicily*, living by keeping other Men's Flocks, one of my Sheep straying down to the Sea-Side, as I went to look for it, I saw a little Boat driven upon the Shore, wherein I found a Babe about

six Days old, wrapt in a Scarlet Mantle, having a Chain about her Neck. Pity moved me to take Care of the Child, and being desirous of the Treasure, carried her Home to my Wife, who nursed it with Care, and set it to keep Sheep. Here is the Chain, and the Jewels, and this Lady *Fawnia* is the Child whom I found ; who she is, or of what Parentage, I know not ; but I am sure she is not mine.

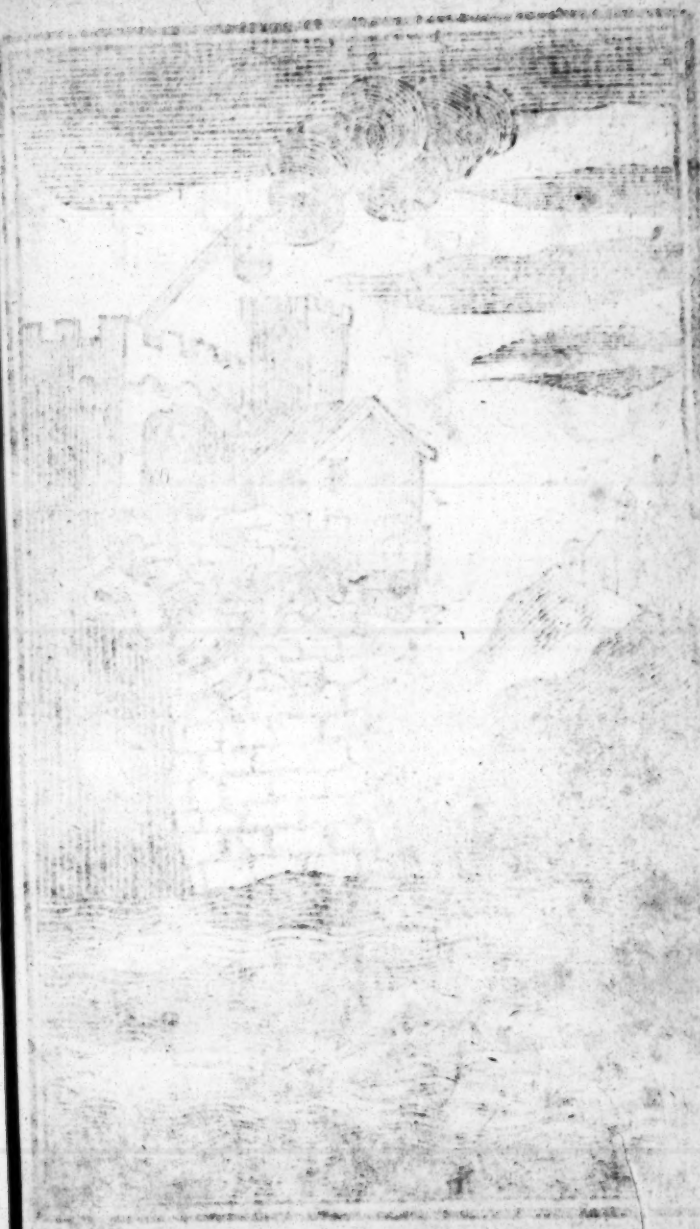
Pandofo could scarce hold so long as *Porrus* was speaking, but demanded the Season of the Year, the Shape and Fashion of the Boat, and other Circumstances, and finding them to agree with his Account, he leaped suddenly from his Seat, and kissed *Fawnia*, wetting her tender Cheeks with his Tears, and -crying O *Fawnia*, *Fawnia* ! my Daughter *Fawnia* ! I am thy Father, *Fawnia*. This sudden Passion and Change of Fortune, drove them all into a Maze, especially *Fawnia* ; but when the King had recovered from his excessive Joy, he sent for *Dorastus*, who by this Time was come to himself, and had his Senses perfect, and declared how being jealous of his Wife *Bellaria*, tho' without Cause, and she being delivered of this Child, ordered her to be set a Drift on the Sea.

Fawnia rejoiced that she had found such a Father, and *Dorastus* was glad he should get such a Wife ; the Ambassadors were pleased that their young Prince had made such a Choice, and that the Enmity which existed so many Years between *Egistus* and *Pandofo*, should now be removed, and a perpetual Amity be made between the Two

Kingdoms. The Citizens and Subjects of *Bohemia* (hearing that the King had found his Daughter, who was supposed to be dead,) were joyful that there was an Heir apparent to the Crown, they made Bonfires and Shews throughout the whole City; the Courtiers and Knights appointed Jests and Tournaments; and *Pandosto* to recompence old *Porrus*, made him a Knight; and having prepared a Fleet sufficient to receive him and his Retinue, accompanied *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*, and the *Sicilian* Ambassadors, and was kindly received by *Egistus*, who rejoiced at his Son's good Fortune. The Nuptial Ceremonies between *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*, were performed without Delay; and scarce were they ended, when *Pandosto* calling to Mind, that his Jealousy was the Cause of *Bellaria's* Death; that he would have taken away the Life of his Friend *Egistus*, that contrary to the Law of Nature, he had lusted after his own Daughter, moved with these Thoughts, a deep Melancholly seized him, and he slew himself one Night with a Poyniard. His Death being many Days bewailed by *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*, and his Friend *Egistus*, the young King and Queen took leave of their Father, the King of *Sicily*, and carrying the dead Corpse into *Bohemia*, placed it in a sumptuous Tomb, and ended their Days in Peace and Quiet.

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THE
Unfortunate Lovers:
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
HERO,
Only DAUGHTER to
ARMELIUS, *Prince of Sestos.*
AND
CLEANDER,
Prince of Abydos.

*Pity it was, the Gods should cruel prove,
And frustrate innocent and virtuous Love:
By a too rigid Father's cruel Doom,
In Neptune's Waves these Lovers found a Tomb.
He, who so much Ingratitude could show,
And to his Life's Preserver Life did owe;
He, who deny'd to give a Prince Relief,
And save his Daughter, died himself with Grief.*

Printed in the YEAR 1735.

Unfortunate Lovers:

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T H E
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.



THE following Relation of the Loves and unfortunate Deaths of Hero and Leander, hath been so much the Subject of Poetry, and most learned Authors, that I believe there are but few People, who have arriv'd to Years of Common Sense; and have not heard little or more of it. The Particulars of the Beginning of their Loves, and the unhappy Means, whereby they lost their Lives; have been left in the Dark to many, by Reason they were written in Foreign Languages, in which their Memories have been celebrated, as chaste and constant

The P R E F A C E

constant Lovers as ever were. And therefore that our English Nation may not be left in Ignorance, or fobl'd off with Scraps and Pieces of the History, I have put it into our own Language, from the Original written in the Greek Tongue, and have drawn it into as small a Compass as the Subject would well bear, without omitting any Thing that is material, or any Circumstance that is to the Purpose, in which there is much Variety and Delight.

So that it may be reckoned the Perfection of History, dressed in a Method which cannot but please: The Passions of Love are expressed to the Height, and the various Dangers and Accidents they meet withal, and struggle with; and though Virtuous Love is not always crowned with Success, but is sometimes unfortunate, yet it never misses of Praise, and due Commiseration, or fails to move a generous Compassion in the Heart. Therefore not doubting but it will be so in those, who shall, as well as those that have heard it,

TO THE READER.

I commend it to your Perusal, as one
of the Chief of Histories.

Here you will see the Vengeance of Heaven poured down upon treacherous and blood-thirsty Assassins, in the untimely Death of Altemansor, Prince of Persopolis: And Ingratitude, and Breach of Princes Vows, punished in the Person of Armelius, Prince of Sestos: And from his Example let Parents learn not to force the Inclinations of their Children; and let Children learn from the Example of the unfortunate Hero, not to dispose of themselves without obtaining their Father's Consent, or at least not without asking it.

The gallant and generous Actions of Leander, ought to stir up in every one a just Sense of another's Harasships and Sufferings, and prompt all Men to fly readily to the Assistance of the Oppressed. His glorious Exploits should be Incentives to Honour and Arms, and to excite us to venture our Lives in Defence of
our

THE PREFACE, &c.

our Country, and to procure for her
the Privileges and Advantages that
with Justice be obtained: And though
was unsuccessful in his Love, yet
should not be intimidated thereby from
pursuing Virtuous Actions.

Farewell



T.H.



T H E

Unfortunate Lovers, &c.



T the Time when *Greece* flourish'd in Riches and Renown, becoming by Virtue, Learning and Courage, the Glory of the World, having subdued and conquer'd not only the proud *Persian* Monarchy, but almost all *India*; *Leander*, General of the Forces, having brought under Subjection many large and warlike Countries, returning to his Native Soil, adorned with Lawrels and Triumphs, and the Martial Trophies of his vanquish'd Enemies, had his Praises sung in almost every Place, and by almost every Mouth. His valourous and successful Enterprizes, were the Themes of all the Sons of the Muses, and there was scarce a Bard in all *Greece*, who did not celebrate his meritorious and worthy Actions; some comparing him to *Alexander*, some to *Hercules*, and others to *Mars*, the God of War. Innumerable Crowds of Spectators flocked from all Parts, to behold
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and congratulate this mighty Conqueror, as he rode in his Triumphant Chariot. Among the rest of the *Grecian Beauties*, *Hero*, the fairest of her Sex, and even the very Mirror of Beauty, (Daughter to a Prince who had a stately Castle, called *Sestos*, situated on the Banks of the *Helle-spont*, a narrow Sea about two Miles over, which parts *Europe* from *Asia*,) came to grave *Leander's* publick Triumph, and to increase the Number of those Ladies, who resorted thither on the same Account. She was dressed in the most stately Manner, being attired with the richest Silks, made of Gold and Silver, and adorned with the most precious Jewels, which gave the highest Illustration, glittering like the Morning-Star, and appearing like a Goddess. Her Chariot was drawn by four Milk-white Horses, and made in the Fashion of one of our open Chariots, for the better Convenience of seeing, and being seen; her Steeds had Silver Trappings, and sumptuous Plumes of Feathers of various Colours, and her Train of Attendants, who were numerous, had the richest Liveries that could be purchased for Money. Her Companions, who were beautiful Virgins, sat in the Chariot with her, and she appeared like *Diana*, surrounded with her Nymphs, but outshined them as far as the Sun does the glittering Stars.

An Object so beautiful and charming, could not fail of having Power sufficient to attract the Eyes of *Leander*, who, as he rode by, viewed her with Admiration; and though he had devoted

voted himself entirely to the *God of War*, and prescribed Laws to Nations; yet now the *God of Love* resolved to gain a Victory over him, who was esteemed unconquerable, and appropriate to himself the Thoughts and Cogitations of his Mind. *Leander* had no sooner seen *Hero*, but he loved her, and wished that he might prove so happy, as to lay his Lawrels and Trophies at her Feet: He felt a sudden Change and Alteration in him, a strange and unaccustomed Fire was kindled in his Breast, and he was enamoured with this fair Stranger, before he knew who she was, or of what Quality, tho' he could do no less than believe by the Appearance she made, that she was descended of Noble Blood. Thus we see the powerful Effects of Beauty, and that Love can in one Minute captivate the Heart of a Soldier, which the Warlike Enterprizes of many Nations could never seduce.

After *Leander* had passed by in his Triumphant Chariot, he could not refrain from turning his Eyes back to behold *Hero*, and it was with Reluctance that he went out of her Sight. Sometimes he thought to order his Attendants to inquire who she was; but then again these Thoughts were countermanded by Honour, when he considered that his Fame and Glory, which he had acquired in the Field of Battle, would be greatly eclipsed, if in the Midst of his Triumph, he should be suspected to be made a Slave, and upon his immediate Return from the Wars of *Mars*, he should seem to have an Inclination to the Tents of *Venus*. So that without any Enquiry, coming

coming to the Sea-Shore, he embarked his victorious Army, and transported them into *Asia*. He was favoured with a prosperous Gale, and *Neptune* and his *Tritons* danced before him, till he reached the joyful Shore, where he was received and welcomed with Musick, Songs, and the loud Acclamations of his own Countrymen, who accompanied him with loud Shouts and Huzza's, to his Castle, or Palace of *Abydos*. Here his Father and Mother met him with open and expanded Arms, and all the States of the Country came to congratulate him on Account of his Success: They proclaimed aloud his Victories, and held a Festival for ten Days in their chief Cities, in Honour of his many brave and heroick Exploits over so many several Nations.

Leander, during the Time of the Sports and Diversions that were made in Honour of him, was careful in disposing and distributing his Army in proper Quarters, and in settling his own Affairs; which being done, he thought to enjoy that sweet Repose and Ease which ought to be the Consequence of the tedious Toils of War; but the beautiful *Hero*, whose lovely Image seemed to be continually in his Sight, and whose bright Idea he could not shake off, opposed it. She seemed to him to be always before him, for sleeping or waking, his Fancy, and all his Dreams, represented her to him all lovely and charming: In short, he could no longer stifle his Flame, and to extinguish it he was not able, nor indeed did he desire it. The sudden Alteration of his Countenance, was a visible Indication that something

ing inwardly effected him; his Parents and Friends could not devise, or conjecture what could be the Cause of such a sudden Change, and therefore urged and intreated him to discover it: But as he had no Inclination to gratify them in that Point, he put them off with fictitious Reasons.

Hero was no less captivated with the Sight of *Leander*, than he was with the Sight of her; she represented to herself, that all that was truly great and Noble, and worthy to be admired in Mankind, centred in him: So that their Flames and Passions were equal, though they were ignorant of each others Love. She was so much taken up with the Thoughts of him, that her natural Rest abated, and she began to lose her appetite: Nothing pleased her more, than a Relation of his Great and Noble Actions, which was Musick in her Ears, and Joy to her Heart. She would often ask *Amphilia*, who was her Nurse, and who had brought her up, and indeed in whom alone she confided, what she had heard of the famous General, since he had passed the Sea? This Woman was endowed with a quick and ready Understanding, and found by *Hero's* changing Colour, blushing, and sometimes letting a Sigh escape when she spoke of *Leander*, that she had a more than ordinary Regard and Value for him, a tender or compassionate Concern; and therefore resolving to dive more deeply into her Thoughts, she urged her many times to show why she so Earnestly enquired after the Name and Welfare of his Person, above all others there

thers. Silence sometimes served for an Answer but if at any Time she spoke to the Question, she said, that she did no more than every Body did by inquiring after such a brave and gallant Man.

Amphilia, sitting one Night in *Hero's* Chamber to watch her, (for her inward Fire burning too fierce, had impaired her Health) heard her cry out in her Sleep, *O God of Love, how cruel art thou to an innocent Virgin, to give her so deep a Wound, without Hope of a Cure!* She had scarce said these Words, when she fancied in her Dream, as she afterwards declared) that she beheld *Leander* standing by her in a most lovely and charming Shape; and thereupon glad of the Opportunity, she thus privately addressed herself to *Venus* and *Cupid*.

I.

*Venus, send some quick Relief
To the Torments I endure :
Leander's Smile can ease my Grief,
'Tis he that wounds, 'tis he must cure.*

II.

*Gentle Cupid, teach me how
The happy Minute to improve ;
God of Love, now bend thy Bow,
And fill his Breast with equal Love.*

She had scarce made this Request, when the Thoughts that *Venus* appeared, leading *Cupid* in her Hand, who with a pleasant Countenance presented a Paper with these Words.

Behold

*Behold, fair Maid, what you desire ;
His Breast is fill'd with equal Fire ;
Love bears no Complaints in vain,
Therefore now your Wish obtain :
Both shall enjoy what either craves,
'Till Love is quench'd in Neptune's Waves.*

She had scarce read these pleasing Lines, when *Leander* seemed to embrace her very tenderly, and with the utmost ardent Affection. Overjoyed at this unexpected Felicity, she awoke with *Rosie* Blushes on her Cheek ; and *Amphilia* telling her what she heard her spake, *Hero* could no longer deny her being in Love ; whereupon her Nurse promised to assist her in the best Manner she was able, which she faithfully performed.

Love having gained a double Conquest, and both the Lovers ignorant of each others Passion, *Leander*, who by this Time had discovered who *Hero* was, revolving many Things in his Mind, grew impatient to come to the Speech, or at least the Sight of the beloved fair One, whose Image was so deeply imprinted in his Heart. After some Conflicts of Mind, he resolved to pass over into *Europe* as a private Person, to wait there for a favourable Opportunity of seeing the Mistress of his Heart. He could behold her Castle from the *Asian* Shore where he stood, and often walked thither for that Purpose ; he would frequently cry out, *O happy Walls ! Which contain such an inestimable Beauty, even the Glory of her Sex,*

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and the matchless Perfection of Womankind. He wished himself the Happiness, which the senseless Marble contained, circling her in its Circumference, and securing her when soft Slumbers and sweet Repose gave Rest to her wearied Spirits: But he did not debate the Matter long, before he put his Resolutions in Practice, and going to a private Harbour, that lay between two Rocks, somewhat distant from *Abydos*, without the Knowledge of his Relations, and without any Attendants, and finding a small Barque there, he agreed with the Master of the Vessel to transport him to the opposite Shore. This he did with a favourable Gale, and landed by the Side of a Forest, some Distance from *Sestos*, the Castle of his beloved *Hero*; and having dismissed the Master of the Barque, with a Reward suitable to his Labour, he set down in the Shade, under a spreading Oak, to consider of the best Method to be taken without giving Offence.

He had not been long in this Place, before he heard, at a great Distance, the Cry of Hounds, and the Shouts of Huntsmen, which by Degrees grew nearer; but as his Thoughts were wholly taken up with Love, and with contemplating on the Perfections of his *Beloved Hero*, he was little effected with that Sport and Pastime: And therefore to avoid them, as he was turning another Way, to some little Houses that stood at the Bottom of a Hill, in a Valley, he heard the lamentable and grievous Outcries of People in Distress, and a Man wounded, all bloody, came running out of the Forest. He immediately mount-

ed the Horse which he had brought with him, and riding up to the miserable Man, demanded who had used him in such a barbarous Manner? Who in a faint Voice, answered, *That certain Pirates, lying in Ambush in the Forest, had set upon Prince Armelius and his Train, and had killed many of them, but those that remained, valiantly defended the Prince: Therefore, for Goodness Sake, said he to Leander, if you are Generous, hasten to his Assistance before it is too late.*

Leander, who had a noble Soul, and always took Delight to relieve the Distressed, had no Need to be incited to such an Enterprize; and therefore setting Spurs to his Horse, being directed to the Place by the Cries that continued, found the Prince, most of his Men being slain, valiantly defending himself against nine or ten of the Ruffians. *Leander* soon perceived who were the Oppressors, and whom they oppressed, and flying in among them like a furious Tempest, beat all down before him: He cut off the Heads of some, and the Arms of others, as they were about to strike, and made their Swords drop useless from their Hands. This put new Courage into *Armelius*, and his wounded Men, who yet survived their Fellows; insomuch, that their Vigour and Strength increasing with their Courage, they behaved themselves so manfully, all but three of these Pirates were slain, who being likewise wounded, made their Escape among the Trees. *Armelius* had scarce Time to thank his generous Deliverer, when hearing the Cries of his Daughter, whom some of the same Crew of Pi-

rates were carrying away Prisoner, he besought him on his Knees to bend his Course that Way, and help to rescue her. *Leander*, covered over with the Blood of the *Ruffians*, turning his Horse about, pursued the Cry, and soon overtook the Villains: But O! with what Wonder and Amazement was he seized, when he saw and knew this Lady, though in Tears, and with her Hair dishrivel'd, and her Garments torn, to be the beautiful *Hero*, the Joy, and sole Mistress of his Heart! He lifted up his Hand to Heaven, which directed him to this Forest, at a Time when the fairest of Creatures, the Delight of his Soul was in Danger, and must inevitably have fallen a Prey to these *Barbarians*, if he had not come, by the Direction and Guidance of his good Angel, so seasonable to her Relief. Prompted by Love, and excited by Revenge, he, with a great Cry, fell upon them like a Thunderbolt breaking from a Cloud, dying afresh his Sword as yet not dried from the former Blood; at which the trembling Lady almost died away at the Sight of such fatal Stroaks, which at every Turn brought Death to one or other of the Pirates. As they despaired to carry off their precious Prize, which was defended by one, whom they supposed to be somewhat more than a mortal Man, they that were able to run, made the best of their Way, and they that could not, lost their Lives.

By this Time *Armeli*us and his Attendants approach'd, to assist, in the best Manner they were capable, the generous Stranger; and seeing that *Hero* was rescued from the Hands of the Villains, would have fallen at the Feet of her Deliverer,

but

but he with-held them from it, and by no means allow it, saying, *He had done nothing but what all just and honest Men ought to hazard in such Cases : For to rescue the Oppressed, and punish the Oppressor, was the Duty of every Man of Honour.* By this time the Alarm was taken, and a great Crowd of People came flocking from the Neighbouring Parts, with such Weapons as came first to their Hands ; and hearing what Wonders this Stranger had done, and that it was to his Valour and Prowess alone, that they owed the Safety and Preservation of their Prince and his beautiful Daughter, they saluted him with the loudest Shouts and Acclamations of Joy. But *Leander's* Thoughts were so much taken up with Love, that he little regarded their Applause ; for his Mind was sore afflicted for his Beloved *Hero*, who by the Fright, and Sight of so much Bloodshed, had fallen into a Swoon : But having recovered her Senses, was put into a Chariot, that stood by the Forest-Side, and conveyed to the Castle of *Sestos*. She did not know *Leander*, by Reason that in this Encounter, his Face was covered all over with the Blood of the Pirates : But *Armelius* requested, and intreated him to favour him with his Company to the Castle, to which he seemingly consented ; but Night coming on apace, he took an Opportunity of the Darkeness to withdraw himself from the Crowd, that he might consider to manage his Love-Affairs. He went to a Neighbouring Village, where he refreshed himself, and presented the Master of the House with a Purse of Money, desired him

not to let any Body know that he was there, if Enquiry should be made; which he promised, and performed.

Hero being now perfectly recovered from the Fright and Terror she had been in, (occasioned by the Pirates having seized her, and the Slaughter that had been made among them by *Leander*,) made a very strict Enquiry after her Deliverer; but when she was informed he had privately withdrawn himself, after he had been invited to the Castle by *Armellius*, she could not refrain from Tears, being inwardly grieved that she could not have an Opportunity of returning him her Thanks for his friendly Aid, and seasonable Assistance.

But when she began to reflect with herself upon what had past, the Danger that her Father and she were in, and yet luckily had escaped from them, by the timely Succour of the Gallant Stranger, who performed such wonderful and almost incredibly Exploits: She was greatly perplexed to think who he should be, and therefore giving as particular a Description of his Person, and his Habit as may be, she sent Messengers to several Places to inquire after him, hoping they would have the good Luck to discover who, and what he was. Sometimes she thought, that none but the renowned *Leander* could perform such Actions, which seemed to be somewhat more than it was reasonable to imagine that mortal Man could do; but these Thoughts were quickly dashed in Pieces, when she considered that he had passed over into *Asia*, busied there with the

Welcome

Welcome of his Triumphs, and the Disposition of his Army.

While *Hero* had often such Thoughts as these, and at other times would form in her Mind, and contemplate on, the bright Idea of *Leander*, great Shew of Joy was shewed in the Castle for the happy Deliverance of the Prince *Armeli*us, and his beautiful Daughter: And when this was over, a solemn Tilt and Tournament was ordered, wherein he that should prove to be the Conqueror, was to be rewarded with a Golden Coronet set with Diamonds, and other precious Jewels; which glorious Sport of Mortal Prowess and Judgment, was proclaimed by the Heralds. This News soon reached the Ears of *Leander*, who rejoicing that he should now have a fair Opportunity, not only of beholding his adorable *Hero*, but also of exerting himself, and shewing his Courage, Skill, and Dexterity, left his Lodging secretly; and not to be behind hand with any others, who should enter the Lists, hastened to *Persopolis* (a famous City) as fast as Love and Honour could excite him. Here he bought a Change of Armour, having this Device on his Shield, a Flaming Heart, on which the Sun darted some Rays through a Cloud, with this Inscription, *She, for whom I suffer, is ignorant of my Love.*

Being thus equipped, he returned with all the Expedition that may be; and being accoutred, took the Opportunity of coming to the List, just as the Trumpets were sounding the last Charge, which was the Signal for Action. Here

he found many Champions in Readiness, and well mounted, who, upon the Signal given, ran two and two together, and broke their Launces with various Success, many having been laid in the Dust: But the Prince of *Persopolis*, who was enamoured with the fair *Hero*, and to whom her Father *Armelius* designed to Wed her, unhorsed all that came near him. He was a Man of a proud, haughty Temper, very ill-natured, and consequently not well-beloved by any, glorying in his Atchievements; he, in a braving Manner, came and demanded the Prize as his Due, unless some other Knight would dare to attempt any thing further against him. *Leander*, who had stood still all this While, that he might be Crown'd with the greater Victory, induc'd by those he had foiled, set Spurs to his Horse, entered the List, and demanded to combat against him. No sooner had they encountered, but the Prince of *Persopolis* was overthrown, together with his Horse, as if he had been driven down by some furious Tempest, or struck with a Thunderbolt. This was a Disgrace, the like of which the Prince had never met before; he endeavoured to mount again, urged by Revenge, and hoping to retrieve his lost Honour, but had received such a Bruise in the Fall, that he was entirely disabled. Several Lords of his Court, thought to unhorse *Leander*, and thereby make some Attonements for their Prince's Dishonour; But alas! They were but so many Mushrooms, in respect to the Prince *Abydos*, for he quickly foiled so many of them, that in the Conclusion,

none

none daring to appear against him, the Prize was declared to be his. He received it with a very becoming Modesty, and laid it in the most submissive Manner at the Feet of his lovely *Hero*, saying, *That above all the World, she alone was worthy to wear it.* But *Hero* with equal Modesty refused it, and said, *It was the Price of his Valour.* But *Leander* replied, Fair Princess, the Inspiration of your Beauty, made me accomplish what otherwise I was not able to perform; but what Task is so difficult as not to be brought to Perfection, or what Danger so great but a Man may overcome it, when influenced by your seraphick Presence? He intreated her so long to accept the Diadem, that at last she declared she would keep it for his Sake. *Hero* having accepted the Prize, it raised Wonder and Admiration in some, and Jealousy in others, none being able to imagine where this would end. Prince *Armeli* was very well pleased with it, believing this Stranger could be no other than his, and his Daughter's Gallant Deliverer; and therefore the Tilts and Tournaments being over, he sent one of his Lords to invite him into the Great Hall, where a sumptuous Entertainment was prepared. But *Leander*, who had his Face covered all the while, and not willing to disclose himself, returned his most humble Thanks to the Prince in the most obliging Expressions imaginable, and desired to be excused, saying, *He had taken his Request already, and obliged himself by Promise, to return as soon as the Sports were over.*

This Speech satisfied Prince *Armeli*, for he held it as an inviolable Maxim, that Men of Honour should be always punctual to their Word.

But the Prince of *Persopolis* was inwardly grieved and piqued, that this Stranger should carry away the Prize and Glory of the Day ; and being also jealous by what he had seen pass between *Hero* and *Leander*, that he might prove a Rival in his Love, he being passionately enamoured of the Princess, and having on many Occasions made known his Love to her, which she did not mind, or regard, or at least did not encourage, being the most proud and ambitious of all Men, he conceived a mortal Hatred against *Leander* : And watching his Departure, he sent Twelve Men after him, to set upon him, and when they had murdered him, to bury him so privately that it should not be discovered.

These Men, who knew all the Cross and By-ways of the Country, got before *Leander*, and planted themselves close in a Wood, by which he was to pass ; and as soon as he came up to the Place, pleased in his Thoughts that he had been so successful in obtaining the Prize, and had the Favour and Satisfaction of *Hero's* Acceptance of it, the Assassins rushed out of their Ambush ; and all on a sudden set upon him with drawn Swords, and assaulted him furiously. But *Leander*, not accustomed to Fear, was not at all daunted, but reining back his Horse, to get out of the Enclosure, drew his Trusty Sword, that had never failed him, and flourishing it before them ; like a dreadful Cornet that threatened Death and Destruction, he engaged them with such Fury, that he demolished them ; as if a Whirlwind had thrown down a Row of Trees from some Mountain's

ain's Top: So that cutting off Arms and Legs, and sometimes Heads, in spite of their Attempt to run away, he sent eleven of them to keep Company with the Dead, while he that remained alive, though much wounded, fell on his Knees, and begged his Life, which was generously given him, upon his Submission and Confession. *Leander*, whose Soul was Heroick, and abhorred and detested all vile and treacherous Actions, could not but wonder how any Nobleman could be Guilty of such Baseness; and then commanding the Fellow to rise, said, *Go, wretched Man, and tell the Prince, thy Master, unworthy as he is of the Dignity and Name of Prince, that Treachery never prospers; and that I wear a Sword, which may one Day make him sensible of the Difference between Manhood, and such inglorious Acts as these.*

The trembling Man, rejoicing that his Life was given him, having, by *Leander's* Order, dragged his slain Companions into the Wood, with much Thankfulness took his Leave: He related the fatal Miscarriage, and faithfully delivered the Message which *Leander* had given him in Charge. This put the Prince of *Persopolis* into an extraordinary Rage, saying, that the Stranger, who had foiled him that Day at the Tilts and Tournaments, and brought upon him indelible Disgrace, not having ever been worsted before, must needs call to his Assistance, some of the infernal Spirits; otherwise, it were impossible that he could escape from, much less kill and destroy eleven Men with his single Arm. He raved and stormed like a Madman, blasphemed Heaven,

and cursed his own Misfortunes; in which frantick Humour we must leave him, and return to *Hero*.

Leander's Present having been graciously received by *Hero*, she took an Opportunity of surveying it with a curious Eye; and perceiving in the Needlework that adorned the Cap of it, a small Roll of Paper thrust in, she eagerly, but not without blushing, took it out, and found that it contained these Words.

Fairest of Creatures, it is not without Cause, that all who casts their Eyes on you, become Lovers and Admirers of your noble Perfections. Pardon me, then, if among the rest, I have presumed to gaze on so bright an Object, which has not only dazzled my Eyes, but penetrated my Heart, inflamed with a Desire to serve you. My Life and Fortunes, Madam, I lay at your Feet; and by my Obedience, if permitted by you to be ranked among the Number of your Adorers, hope to gain some little Spark of your Condescension and Goodness to pity me; and that you will give me at least your good Esteem, when you come to know who your faithful and constant Servant is, who can no longer call himself his own, but must beg Leave to subscribe himself your entirely devoted,

LEANDER.

The Princess having read this Letter, paused and blushed; but when she came to the Conclusion, and casting her Eye upon the Name of *Leander*, O Heavens! How she was transported! Her Eyes sparkled with Joy, her Heart leap'd within her, and she cried out in an Ex-

stasy,

tichstasy, O ye Powers above ! How do you over-
 ro. load me with Happiness ! How shall I make a
 re sufficient Acknowledgment of the great Kind-
 ness you have shewn to me ! Teach me how
 g in to return my Thanks for this inestimable Fa-
 t, a your, (for Thanks is all the poor Return I can
 bu make) in such a Manner as may be most ac-
 cha ceptable to you. Vouchsafe then to accept my
 humble Offering, my grateful and unfeigned
 use, Thanks ; and make my dear Leander persevere
 me in his Love to me, as I shall persevere in my
 ons Love to him. As ye have United our Hearts,
 ave let not Jealousy, or any other Motive whatever,
 ick intervene to disunite them, and make us mise-
 rate- rable for ever. Increase daily our Affection for
 you, each other, and grant us long Life, that we
 our may be happy together in our Love, so long as
 by ye shall please to continue us upon the Stage of
 our this World. — O, my Felicity ! Was it then
 our the brave Leander, whom I beheld with such
 but Wonder ? Who overthrew the proud and boister-
 henous Prince of Persopolis, and who made me
 ant the Present ? Yes, it was he, and no Doubt,
 his he was mine and my Father's Deliverer ; for
 self who, but so Noble a Prince, could be capable
 of such Glorious Actions.

R. As Hero was thus transported with Extasy,
 Amphilia came in, who finding her in such a plea-
 fed sant Humour, could not but be very inquisitive
 Con- into the Cause, and seeing her hold a Paper in
 e of her Hand, to which the Name of *Leander* was
 ort- affixed, she soon understood the Meaning of it,
 heart and wished the young Princess Joy, who embrac-
 Ex- ing

ing her in her Arms, cry'd out, O Amphilia! How good and gracious are the Powers above! By their Permission, nay, I may say by their Direction, the glorious Constellations of Light, shower their happy Influences on my Head. O my Blessed Fortune! The brave Leander, on whom my Heart is so intirely fixed, and whose bright Image can never be erased from thence, sues to me for Love, as by the Tenour of this Letter appears.

Amphilia was overjoyed, that the troublesome Part which she was to undertake in going to Leander, on the Princefles Behalf, and finding out a Way to make that Love known to him, which she saw so visibly tormented her, and which would no doubt have brought her to her Grave, was so generously prevented: Yet being of a prompt and ready Wit, she began to doubt whether this might be the true Leander, or some other, who might use such a Gallant Name to introduce his Affection. For had it been H E, says she, who has conquered the great Part of the World, and who rode in Triumph with the Majestick Air and Mein of a God, and who captivated your Heart, why should he so suddenly withdraw himself? He needed not have feared a welcome Reception in your Father's Court, for his Glory and Reputation, would have made all Men proud of the Honour of his Company.

And yet on the other Hand, said she, recollecting herself, it may be H E, since as I remember when he passed by in his Triumphant Chariot his Eyes looked languishing when he fixed them

on your Face, and he seemed to say (at least
I thought so) that Love from your fair Eyes,
had sent his Darts to conquer him, who had
conquered and subdued whole Nations.

Between these Hopes and Fears, *Hero* was so
tossed, that she knew not what to think, or say;
however, it was agreed that *Amphilia* should go
in search for *Leander*, and know if it was the true
Leander or not; for to him alone she had given
her Heart, and she resolved that no other Man
should possess her Virgin Treasure: To him
alone all her chaste Love and pure Affections were
dedicated, and if she found that he was the Per-
son, then to deliver an Answer to his Letter,
and which she wrote in these Words.

Sir, though you are a Stranger, with whom
I never had any Conversation, but what passed,
when by your Prowess you unhorsed the proud
Prince of Persopolis, and received the Diadem,
that Reward justly Due to your Valour and Merit,
and which you laid at my Feet, and with gene-
rous Entreaties obliged me to accept it; yet the
Fame of *Leander's* Virtues and Heroick Actions,
which have taken up the Discourse of the
World, cannot, you may well imagine, but have
reached the Ears of *Hero*, and created in her
an Esteem worthy of so deserving a Person.
But how could you conceive so great a Passion,
as you express in your Letter, upon so slight a
View, I cannot easily account; especially since
the greatest Queen on Earth would be proud
of *Leander's* Courtship, and set a Diadem
on his Head for Love. I think, if I mis-
take

take not, I owe my Life, at least my Liberty or my Honour, which is dearer to me than both to your Valour; and therefore in Gratitude return you my Thanks, and cannot but declare that it is just that when I am an Enemy to Leander, I should be so to myself. The rest leave to the Bearer, in whom you may, as I have done, repose an entire Confidence, and so take I subscribe myself

Yours in Friendship, and the best
good Wishes,

HERO

Amphilia having seen which Way *Leander* went, mounted a White Steed, and riding to be as little observed as possible, happened to light on the Road he took, and inquiring of several Persons, received Information, that such a Person as she described, had entered the Wood before her, about three Hours ago. *Amphilia* rejoiced at this good News, and rode as fast as Desire could prompt her; but coming into a Glade, where spreading Trees made a thick Shade, and a kind of Gloom at Noon-Day, she began to be fearful and being alone, was apprehensive some Thieves or wild Beasts might assault her. However her Fears were not so great, but she resolved to go forward, which she did, 'till she came to the Place where the Assassins had set upon *Leander*. Seeing the Grass and the Leaves dyed with Blood she started in a Fright, and almost fell from her Horse; but when she was a little recovered, she thought to turn him about, but the Beast was

Headstrong

Headstrong, and leaning forward, carry'd her away by Force. Far she had not gone, but she heard a Monster make a hideous Roar in the Wood, who having scented the Blood of those that were slain, and who would in so treacherous a Manner, have slain *Leander*, without any just Cause, or Provocation, was coming towards the Place to satiate his hungry Maw.

This Monster had a Face and Head which very much resembled human Form, but a frightful and austere Aspect; his Hair was long and shaggy, and of a dark brown Colour, mixed with some Red and White. His Eyes were large, and appeared to be two Balls of Fire; his Breath had a sulphurous stinking Smell, and in his Jaws were seven Rows of large Teeth, very sharp and long, and two Tusks, or Grinders, of an immoderate Size, stood out of his Mouth; which, when expanded, was extremely wide, and therein there was a Tongue rough as a File, or Rasp, and much bigger than any other Beast usually has. His two Fore-paws were like the Hands and Arms of a Human Creature, very thick and strong; but instead of Nails, he had long sharp Claws. He was about the Size of a small Pad, his Body shaped like a Lion, was very swift in Running, and in his Tail was a forked Sting, with which he used to wound his Prey, when he met with any Resistance, by twirling it about, and darting it into its Body. This Sting, which he could draw in at Pleasure, so that it could not be perceived, had on the hinder Part of it, a Face and Head that looked like a

Rattle-

Rattle Snake, and the Touch of it was mortal being as great an Instrument of Death, as an envenomed Arrow.

Hearing the Noise of the Horse's Track, this Monster, who delighted much more in a living than a dead Prey, put out his dreadful Head through the Bushes, just as *Amphibia* was riding by the Edge of the Wood where he was; so that tho' she doubled her Speed, being terribly frightened, yet he ran after her with a hideous Roar, which (happy for her) alarmed *Leander* who sat under a spreading Beech, to which he had tied his Horse, while he refreshed himself after so much Toil, and at a small Spring washed off the Blood and Dust from his Face and Armour, with which they had been besmeared in the Combat. This unusual Sound piercing his Ears, he approached towards it, clapping on his Helmet, and drawing his Sword; and perceiving a Woman flying, and crying for Help, as she fled before this Monster, made him hasten to intercept his never unsuccessful Sword between *Amphibia* and Death. He had scarce Time to do this before the cruel Monster came so near to her, as to make a full Leap at her, which terrified her so much, believing she should be devoured, that she fell from her Horse in a Swoon, so that mistaking her, he tore and rent the Horse in a miserable Manner, before *Leander* could give him a full Stroke: However, he did it at last, with sufficient Force, that he wounded him deeply in the Neck, which putting him to great Pain, he with more Eagerness and great Fury set upon *Leander*

rearing

aring himself upon his hinder Paws, and
 retching out his Fore-ones to lay hold of him ;
 hereupon with a Home-thrust, coming in be-
 tween them, he run his Sword up to the Hilt in
 his Breast, and so piercing his Heart, the Monster
 gave one dismal Groan, and fell down dead.
 Then *Leander* had dispatch'd this strange Beast,
 which would otherwise have dispatched him and
Amphilia, he came to her and saluted her, who
 now again began to recover her Senses, and de-
 manded what Adventure had brought her such
 a dangerous Way ? At these Words lifting up
 her Head, and opening her Eyes, and fixing
 them upon *Leander*, she immediately knew him
 to be the same, who had won the Prize at *Sestos*,
 and the Man whom she was in search after :
 Whereupon she fell at his Feet, and embraced
 his Knees, with Tears of Joy in her Eyes, she
 said, sure the Powers above are this Day favour-
 able to me, and to the Beautiful *Hero*, in deliver-
 ing me from Death, and, as I hope, in putting
 an End to a tedious and more dangerous
 search.

Leander hearing the Name of *Hero*, started,
 and recovering himself, after he had paused a
 While, took *Amphilia* in his Arms, and tenderly
 embracing her, said, *For Heaven's Sake let me*
hear that Cœlestial Sound again ; I think conti-
nued he, you named Hero. I did so my Lord,
replied Amphilia, and hope you are Leander. I
am, says he, *but what ? What can be the Cause*
of your venturing alone this desolate Way ? In
search of you, says she. *Of me,* replied *Leander*

der, *hastily, to what End I pray? Read the Paper* B. says *Amphilia*, giving him the Letter, and you *Pa* will be better informed. He no sooner saw the Hero's Name, but bending one Knee to the Ground, he kissed the Paper an hundred times before his Words could get Utterance; and then he said, *Have the immortal Powers so great a most* *Regard for Leander? Are the Gods so kind as to* *inspire the Breast of the Fair, Beautiful, and* *Virtuous Hero? Speak, Speak, I say, for thou art my good Angel, my better Genius, I think my* *who bringest me such glad Tidings.* And thereupon he gave her a Jewel of very great Value, for bringing him the happy News. To which *Amphilia* modestly said, That if he were really that *Leander of Abydos*, who passed some Days since in Triumph over the *Hellestons*, with she had a Commission (if *Hero* had any Power over him) as in his Letter he had expressed himself, said, to let him know that she had no less Esteem of him, and that he might hope to be happy in her Love.

If the immortal Gods, says *Leander*, *do grant me this, I am the happiest Man on Earth.* O blest Powers above! Pour down a Multitude of Blessings upon the Angelick and Divine Hero. Make her as happy on Earth, as she herself can wish; and when for the Punishment of Mankind, ye shall think fit to remove her from hence, but Oh! Let not *Leander* live to see that Day, receive her into your Cœlestial Mansions, and as you give her Immortality, give her also an immortal Crown, and let her partake of your

your Bliss. It was my fear of offending Hero with my Passion, says he, to Amphilia, that made me thus twice retire: First, when my good Stars directed me to rescue her in the Wood, out of the Hands of the Pirates; and this Day, which cannot but grieve me, because it had almost proved fatal to you; tho' Prince Amphion is twice invited me to his Court. But think on it, continued he, I may ever be so blessed to see my beloved Hero alone, and presume to tell him my Love without Interruption, or without attending her.

Amphilia told him he might, and said she would undertake to contrive an Interview between them, giving him at the same Time Encouragement that his Enterprize should be crowned with Success; but advised him to carry on his love with all the Privacy that may be, because *Altemansor*, Prince of *Persopolis*, had declared himself a Lover of the Princess *Hero*, and by reason of the Power he had in that Country, and the Ascendant over *Armelius*, the Father of the Princess; and that this might prove an Obstruction to their Loves, and produce a fatal Consequence. *Leander* consented, and resigned himself wholly to her Conduct and Management; and *Amphilia* being inquisitive to know how so much Blood came to be spilt on the Road, he acquainted her with the Treachery of *Altemansor*, Prince of *Persopolis*, enjoining her to conceal it from *Hero*.

The joyful *Leander* now resolved to go to *Pharos* with a more chearful Heart than he went to reap Lawrels, and bring them Home in Triumph; and taking *Amphilia* up behind him, whose

whose Horse the Monster had killed, and crossing the Country a nearer Way she shewed him, but I rode through all the By-paths till they came to a little Lodge, about half a Mile from the Palace, where there was a fine and pleasant Garden, to which *Hero* used to resort in the Cool of the Evening. She had the Keys of this Place, and here they entered, and she directed *Leander* to put up his Horse and Armour in a vaulted Stable, that they might not be discovered, if any Body should come unexpected with the Princess. She then conducted him to a curious shady Arbour, so intricately winding and turning, and shut up with Leaves and Trees, that they who remained in the most remote Part, could not without Difficulty be discerned. Here she left him, promising that she would bring Matters to such a pass, that the Beautiful *Hero* should come thither without knowing he was there, lest she might otherwise think it beyond the Rules of Modesty, to meet a Man who was so great a Stranger to her, though she loved him never so entirely.

Thus *Amphibia* dissembled to *Leander*; but no sooner did she come to *Hero*, who was alone and impatiently expected her Return, than the Princess demanded immediately if she had seen the Lord of her Desire, and to give her an exact Account of all that happened, Madam says *Amphibia*, I soon got Intelligence of *Leander*, and having been informed that he had entered a Wood about three Hours before I came there, I made what haste I could after him,

Hop Peace

opes to overtake him, and deliver your Letter :
but I had not gone far, before I beheld the
Grass stained with much Blood, and a Monster,
so frightful to be described, putting his Head
forth from a Bush. At these Words, *Hero* turned
pale as Death, and interrupting her, said, *Alas !*
You need say no more ; O cruel Monster ! to de-
vor a Prince, whom Nations could not con-
quer ! And O ye more cruel Gods, to suffer it to
be done ! Is it thus you reward the Virtuous ?
Was this the End, the miserable End, to which
you reserved Leander ? Is this the Recompence
of all his Services ? Why did you devote the Man
to love, to become a Prey to an unsatiable Mon-
ster ? Better had it been for him, and more glo-
rious for you, that he had died in the Field of
Battle, and fallen a Sacrifice for his Country ;
and why do I live to survive this killing News ?
O Leander, Leander, fly not up to Heaven, but
wait for your Hero's Company ; take me with
you to the Regions of Bliss, that we may be hap-
py in the other World, since the Gods have denied
to make us happy in this. O my dear Leander,
for ever lost to me ! Would that the Monster had
said bold on me, so that by my Death, I could
have saved your Life. Yes, it is resolved, I will
follow you, for what Comfort can I find on Earth,
since thou hast left it ? Bless me, says Amphibia,
why do you thus distract yourself without a Cause ?
Have I not a Cause, says Hero, since my Leander
is untimely snatch'd away ? O ! that I had en-
circled him in these Arms, and we both had found
our Grave in the Jaws of that cruel Monster.
Peace, Madam, replies Amphibia, your Leander
lives,

lives, and lives for you. *How, dear Nurse, says Hero, in an Extacy ! Dear Amphilia, does my Leander live ? Good Madam, says Amphilia, do not interrupt me. Hero promised she would not, and desiring Amphilia to proceed in her Relation, she did in the following Manner :*

Though the Sight of so much Blood very much affrighted me, yet the Sight of the Monster terrified me much more, and made me redouble my Speed. He pursued me, and perceiving that he was close at my Heels, I swooned away, and fell off from my Horse to the Ground. As I lay in this Condition, the Monster tore my Horse in Pieces, and had certainly devoured me, if *Leander, your Leander, Madam, being alarmed with the roaring of the Monster, and the Shrieks I gave when I perceived myself to be in the most eminent Danger, had not most seasonably interposed, and by his Skill and Courage, encountering the Beast, thrust his Sword into his Heart, and left him dead upon the Spot. After this, when I found that he was the true Leander the Prince of Abydos, I delivered your Letter to him : He received it, and read it with his Knees bended to the Ground, thanked the Gods that his Divine Hero, (for so he called you) had not disdained his Passion, but had given him some Hopes. I afterwards desired to know what was the Cause of so much Blood, which I had seen at the Edge of the Wood ? He with much Reluctance, told me, tho' at the same Time he enjoyned me not to disclose it to you, that when he had left the Tilts and Tournaments, designing to retire (least his Presence should offend you)*

he did when he saved your Father's Life, when attacked by some of the Pirates, and rescued you, when the rest of them would have carried you away as a Captive ; he was beset by twelve Men, who furiously assaulted him together. That he had killed eleven of them, and had spared one Man's Life, on Condition that he would discover who was the Person who could be so infamous and treacherous, to urge them to such a base Action. The Fellow, tho' much wounded, yet joyful however that his Life was preserved upon such easy Terms, told *Leander*, that they were Part of the Retinue of *Altemanfor*, Prince of *Persopolis*, who being unhorsed by him in striving for the rich Diadem, and seeing him present it to the Princess *Hero*, and that she had received it, grew jealous, and ordered them to overtake, murder, and bury him in some Place, where he might lie concealed for ever.

Did Leander, says she, express so much Joy and Satisfaction at the Receipt of my Letter ? Kind and generous Lover ! And was he the God-like Man who saved my Father's Life, and rescued me from Destruction and Ruin ? My Heart told me so, and yet I was diffident. But, O Altemanfor, Prince of Persopolis, barbarous and inhuman Man, not worthy to be called a Man, much more unworthy of the Title of Prince ! If I refused your Courtship and Addresses before I beheld Leander, I now contemn and despise them, and thee, and from hence forward, will look upon Thee as a worse Monster than that which my dear Leander killed in the Wood, and
F *caused*

caused to share the same Fate with thy poor and mean Spirited Followers, who at thy Instigation would have been Assassins. Hadst thou any true and real Courage, thou wouldst have dared him bravely to a fair Combat ; but alas ! Thou hast neither Courage nor Virtue in thee, and what thy single Arm could not do, nor thy Heart instigate thee to attempt, thou didst endeavour to accomplish by a Force sufficient to have subdued any Man, but the Heroick, Brave, and Undaunted Leander. Base and vile Coward : How canst thou have the Face to appear before Men of Honour, who hast committed such a dishonourable Action ?

Come, come, says *Amphibia*, quit such unnecessary Taunts and Reflections, and leave him to the Vengeance of the Gods above, who never suffer such vile and scandalous Machinations to go unpunished. His own guilty Conscience will be a Plague sufficient to him, while he remains upon this Terrestrial Globe, and when he dies, the Furies will execute the Judgment, which *Æacus*, *Minos*, and *Rhadomanthus* shall condemn him to suffer in Hell : Thus he will be doubly punished, first in this World, and afterwards in the next.

But, methinks, says *Hero*, that such inhuman Proceedings ought to be published to the World, that the Man may not only be exposed for a Villain, but as a Mark for all Mankind, to avoid not only the Company, but the Conversation of such a Devil incarnate. For my Part, I shall loathe and detest him, and never think myself safe, If I am alone with him : I will

shun

thun him as I would Infection ; and could I but for one Minute have the Power of a Basilisk, my Eye should dart its Venom to his Heart, and strike him dead upon the Spot. O *Amphibia*, my Blood runs Cold in my Veins, and my Soul shudders, when I think that the Earth can bear such a Monster, and not open and swallow him up alive.

The best Way therefore to warm your Blood, and to restore the Tranquility of your Soul, says *Amphibia*, is to take a Walk with me in the Garden belonging to the Lodge, where I will promise you shall have a Sight of him your Heart pants after, and whom you love as tenderly as your own Life. Blush not, continued she, for I have promised to bring you thither, and *Leander* impatiently expects the Happiness of your Company.

Hero blushed, to hear that *Amphibia* had made such a Promise in her Name, refusing for some Time to go, as judging it might be interpreted too much Fondness, or perhaps be looked upon as a Piece of Levity in her : But *Amphibia* urging it as necessary at this Juncture, to prevent a Discovery, *Hero* yielding to her Persuasions, laid aside her rich Garments, put on a Disguise, and passing through a back Garden of the Castle of *Sestos*, through a small Wicket, that was shaded with a Tost of Trees, they got into a Field, and so to the little Lodge, where *Leander* waited the coming of his bright Angel ; and there he employed all his Thoughts in meditating in what Manner he should accost her.

While he was thus thinking, he espied *Amphilia* and one in her Company, who by her Garb he knew not, imagining it could not be his adored Princess; but upon a nearer Approach, her Beauty, like an Angel's Brightness, shot through those seeming Clouds, and almost confounded him with Amazement, whom nothing before could daunt. So near akin is Love to Impotency, that it disarms us of our Courage, enervates and enfeebles our strongest and most daring Resolution. *Hero* took a Turn or two in the Walks, and when she came near the Arbour where *Leander* was, he ventured out, and with a low Submission falling at her Feet, and whilst she stood almost confounded with Blushes and Amazement, thus expressed himself.

Pardon me, Divinest Creature, if I thus presume to prostrate myself before you, in Hopes that so much Goodness can pardon a Crime of a higher Nature, and especially this; for it is authorized by Love, whose Commands must be obeyed, and whose Flames are irresistible. O turn not away those dazzling Suns of Light, that guide me to my Happiness; but let those Orient Eyes shine on me with Beams of Comfort, that I may live by the Brightness of their Rays, and the Smiles of my Fair Hero.

He would have proceeded, but *Hero* intreated him to rise, and *Amphilia* advised them to go into the Arbour, as well to keep them from the Heat, as from the prying Eyes that might be upon them. The two Lovers followed *Amphilia's* Counsel,

Counsel, both being overjoyd'd, without any farther Ceremonies, at so happy a Meeting : But *Hero* dissembled it as well as she could, telling him, while he gently squeez'd her Hand, which she permitted him to kiss, that she hoped he would not misconstrue her Actions, in being so forward to grant him Favours, which, though innocent in their own Nature, she had never yet granted to any Body. However, she acknowledged, that in Point of Gratitude, she could do no less, seeing he had been her, and her Father's Deliverer : But to grant him Love, which he earnestly requested, she desired to be allowed a longer Time to consider of it, before she absolutely fixed, or settled her Affections ; though she must confess, his Merits required a greater Beauty, and a larger Fortune.

Leander hereupon promised to obey her in all Things ; so that as she gave him very large Hopes of winning those Affections, which in Reality she had fixed upon him before, they agreed, that the next Day he should make his publick Appearance at the Castle of *Sestos*. But *Hero* advised him to be very cautious how he made Love to her in publick, or shewed the least Sign of it, 'till she knew how her Father stood inclined to favour him : For though she loved *Leander* entirely, and there was no Room for any other to supplant him, or erase from her Heart the Impressions of his Image, which was there deeply engraved ; yet she rely'd much upon her Obedience to her Father, which though Praise-worthy, was very Tragical in the End.

These virtuous and constant Lovers having had the mutual Satisfaction of an Interview, and being in their Hearts inseparably linked by the Chains of Love, *Hero* took her Leave of *Leander*, and retired to *Sestos* with *Amphilia*. He offered his Service to wait on his beloved Angel, and to conduct and guard her, till she approached the Garden belonging to the Castle, lest some *Ruffians*, or other rude Persons, might meet her, and treat her roughly, not knowing her to be the Princess *Hero* in that Disguise: But she would by no Means consent to it, fearing a Discovery might be made, and alledging that they had not above Half a Mile to walk, and the Fields were open, and consequently no Reason to apprehend any Danger. Had *Jupiter* commanded *Phæbus* to have changed the approaching Night into one long Day, as by his Orders and Directions, *Luna* changed three Days into one Night, how happy had these Lovers been in the Fruition of their Love! But the Fates had otherwise decreed.

Leander, seeing that the Sun was near set, resolved to take up his Abode in that Lodge till the next Morning, and when many Thoughts had crowded into his Head, thinking sometimes on one thing, and sometimes on another, for his Mind was variously perplexed with Hope and Despair: He now persuaded himself that *Armelius*, when he should know that he was Prince *Leander*, who came so opportunely and saved his Life in the Wood, and rescued his Daughter from the Pirates, out of meer Gratitude alone, would not deny him his Request, in
obtain-

obtaining *Hero* for his Wife. But then again, on the other Hand, he began to reflect, That the Treacherous *Altemansor*, Prince of *Persopolis*, had for some Time courted the Princess, and that *Armeli*us approved thereof ; that he was a potent, as well as a revengeful and cruel Prince ; and that *Armeli*us greatly feared his Territories might be invaded by him, if he gave a Refusal, for they were contiguous to each other. His Mind being thus agitated, he at last fell a Sleep, and the following Scene was represented to him in a Dream.

He fancied that as he sat in *Neptune's* Triumphant Chariot, which danced upon the Waves, he clasped the beautiful *Hero* in his Arms, and had the full and sovereign Command of the Seas. As he was admiring the Beauty of his dear Charmer, who looked more beautiful than *Venus* rising from her Watry Bed, he told her that he believed the *Nymphs* and *Tritons* that played about, and attended the Chariot, imagined her to be that Goddess ; and that it was at the Sight of her Beauty that the Waters was so calm and smooth, fearing to rise, or make the least Swell, that they might not frighten, or displease her. While he was thus complimenting the dear Mistress of his Heart, and gently squeezing her Hand, and admiring her Perfections, *Æolus*, the God of the Wind, conspired to raise a mighty Storm, and delude their Felicity. The Winds having been pent up in the Rocks, and Caverns of the Earth, were all let lose at once, they quarrelled and fought with each other with such Fury, that the Waves ran Mountain high, and

overfet the Triumphant Chariot in which thefe Lovers fat. The *Tritons* who were founding their Shelly Trumpets, and the *Nymphs* who wantoned about the Chariot, on a fudden difappeared; and *Leander*, to preferve the Life of his dear *Hero*, who rolled with him upon the Watery Surges, caught at her, in Hopes to swim fafe with her to the Shore; but miffing his Hold, the Difappointment started and awaked him.

He was much troubled at fuch an unfual Dream, but concluding it to be only the Fancy of the Night, and to proceed from his extraordinary Love and Care of *Hero*, he banifhed any further Reflections, and bent his Mind entirely how to difpofe himfelf the next Day. He had forgot to tell *Hero* how he had been fet upon by Command of *Altemanfcor*, and how narrowly he had efaped his Treachery; and knew that he would not only oppofe him in his Love, but make frefh Attempts againft his Life; and therefore he found it neceffary to be wary.

As the Day increafed, he took his Horfe, having hid his Armour in a convenient Place, and went to the Caftle of *Seftos*, and finding the Drawbridge was down, and the Gates open, he entered, and took a private Lodging in a little Houfe, in the remotef Part within the Walls. He foon found an Opportunity of letting *Amphilia* know where he had taken up his Station, who often vifited him; and many Letters having paffed between him and his fair Miftrefs, and he having fometimes the Favour of being
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privately admitted into her Apartment, their Hearts were so firmly united, that they enjoyed all manner of innocent Freedom and Familiarity. But to confirm their Love yet more, and to make their Union stronger, the better to anticipate, and prevent any future Event, which they could not foresee, they entered into a solemn Contract in the following Manner: Taking each other by the Left Hand, which they held fast, and laying their Right Hands upon their Hearts, they repeated these Lines.

L E A N D E R.

*By the Queen of Love I swear,
I'll be constant to my Dear:
To my Hero, shall my Love,
Pure as is the chastest Dove,
Ever true and faithful prove.
Witness, Venus, what I say;
Witness this, thou God of Day.*

H E R O.

*By the God of Love I swear,
Of my Heart Leander dear
Is, and shall be only Lord,
Nought shall break this double Cord,
Nought make Hero break her Word.
Witness, Cupid, what I say;
Witness this, thou God of Day.*

Hero having proceeded to such a Length, being now firmly contracted to *Leander*, and nothing wanting to compleat their Happiness, but the Ceremony of the Priest, for they were now Man and Wife in the Eyes of the Gods; she resolved without further Delay, that if her Father should deny his Consent to *Leander*, to go with him to his Castle of *Abydos* in *Asia*, where his Territories were large. But though Mortals propose, the Gods will dispose in such manner as best pleases them: And thus it fared with these Two Lovers. *Hero* intended one Day to acquaint her Father, that *Leander*, Prince of *Abydos*, the same who so generously saved his Life, rescued her, won the rich Diadem, and presented it to her; had sent a Letter, wherein he acquainted her with his Love, and hoped that he might be admitted to Court her. But she was prevented in her Design, by her Father coming unexpectedly to her, and saying, Hear Child, and listen with Attention, to what *Armetius* shall say unto you. As thou art my only Daughter, and Heir apparent to *Sestos*, and all the Districts belonging to it, it behoves me to take Care and provide for you in Time, lest the Gods should cut me off before I have accomplished the good Work. I have made it my constant Care and Study, Night and Day, for some Time past, to promote your Happiness; and as you are now grown to Woman's Estate, marriageable at least, the Provision I intend for you is a good Husband: And as you have always been obedient to me, so I expect Cyour ompliance herein. Look therefore upon

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Altemansor, Prince of *Persopolis*, as the Person I have pitched upon for you ; entertain him not only as a Lover, but as one who in a short Time is to be your Husband.

My dear Father, *says Hero*, I shall ever acknowledge your Paternal Care, and I call the Gods to witness, that I never was disobedient to your Commands. But Oh ! have Pity on your poor *Hero*, and force her not to place her Affections on a Prince, and take him as a Companion for Life, whom she has all the Reason in the World to detest and abhor ; and who will make me and you miserable for ever. I must own I have been long persecuted with his Love, which I have always slighted and despised, and I have more Reason to slight and despise him now, than I ever had before. You were so kind to say, that the Provision you intend for me, was a good Husband : Compel me not therefore to marry a bad Man, who will make the worst Husband.

Armeliuſ told her, That he greatly feared her Suspicions of *Altemansor* were Groundless, and that whoever had been buzzing in her Ears any Stories disrespectful to that Prince, and which may prove disadvantageous to him, he would look upon them as his own Enemies. He then laid before her the Advantage that would accrue from such Alliance ; the Power and Riches of that Prince ; and many other Matters, hoping to allure her by such Baits.

Hero, with Tears trickling down, intreated her Father that she might not have a Man whom she could not affect : She desired him to withdraw his Commands for seven or eight Days, and possibly within that Time, a Prince may offer his Service, who would prove more acceptable to him, and to her ; one, who was no Way inferior to the Prince of *Persopolis*, either in Riches, in Power, in Tracts of Land, and whose Alliance he might covet much more than the Alliance of *Altemansor*. A Prince of unspotted Fame and Character ; whereas would he be pleased to listen to what she could relate, and prove against *Altemansor*, he himself would judge him to be as base, vile, and Blood-thirsty Prince, as any upon the Face of the Earth.

Armeli was enraged at this, and said, that such Reports proceeded from meer Spite, Malice, and Envy ; that he would not give Credit to such Stories, even tho' several Persons would swear them to be true : And then he enjoyned her to obey his Commands, and receive Prince *Altemansor's* Addresses, and to receive them favourably ; otherwise, he protested he would disown her for a Daughter, and disinherit her for her Disobedience to him. *Hero* replied, that she would obey him, in receiving *Altemansor's* Courtship, but hoped to be held excusable if she could not receive it favourably : For though, as a Father, he had a Command over, and could dispose her Person as he pleased, yet the Gods alone could command and dispose her Affections. That for her Part, sooner than marry a Man, who

who she was sure would for ever prove disagreeable to her; and whom she could never love; she would be willing to become a Wanderer, and fall a Prey to devouring Monsters.

This Answer increased *Armeliuſ's* Rage, who ſwore by all the Gods, that a Wanderer ſhe ſhould be, whatever Fate might befall her afterwards, if ſhe proved diſobedient to his Commands: And thereupon he left her, flying out of her Apartment with all the Marks and Tokens of Fury in his Countenance.

Hero was ſo perplexed, that ſhe knew not what to do; ſometimes ſhe thought to conceal her Father's heavy Injunctions from *Leander*, and at other Times ſhe thought that it was her Duty to reveal them to him. Being fixed in this laſt Reſolution, ſhe ſent him the following Letter, but ſo blotted with Tears, that he could not for ſome Time read the Contents of it.

WHEN we met together laſt, confirmed our Loves, and plighted our Faith in the Preſence of the Gods, I propoſed to myſelf all the Happineſs that can be enjoyed on this Side the Grave, and that theſe very Gods would have confirmed our Happineſs. But Fortune, who loves to make Shuttlecocks of Princes, as well as the poorer Sort, and to tumble them down from the Summit of Felicity, to the deepeſt Abyſs of Miſery, has begun to play her Pranks with me. I ought not, I cannot conceal any Thing from my dear *Leander*; and therefore
I muſt

I must acquaint you with heavy Heart, and swoln Eyes, that my Father is just now gone from me in all the Rage and Fury imaginable, because I would not promise to comply with his severe Commands. O Leander, Leander Will you not joyn with me, and say that my Father's Commands are severe, when I tell you that he has enjoyned me not only to receive the Addresses of the Prince of Persopolis as a Lover, but as one whom he has designed to be my Husband? I argued with my Father, but alas! All my Arguments were in vain: And what enhances my Woe, is, that unless I comply, Armelius, my unkind Father, Armelius, has sworn to disown me as his Daughter, and to disinherit me. Is not this hard Measure, hard Treatment, Leander? I begg'd, and pray'd, but he was as obdurate as stony Rocks; and when I said that I would rather be a Wanderer, than confine myself to a Man I could not love, he replied, That shall be thy Portion, if you are disobedient. Think, O think, Leander, what I endure; yet be assured that my Father's Threats shall never make me break my Sacred Vow to you; and should he put those Threats in Practice, yet I will be for ever constant, and for ever remain thy

H E R O.

Leander having read this Letter, paused upon it; he raved and tore like a Madman, but resolved to hazard all for his betrothed Hero; he
deter-

and determined to appear like himself, and demand her of her Father *Armeliuſ*; and if he gave him a Refuſal, to diſpute the lovely Prize with *Altemanſor*. In the mean Time he wrote this Letter to comfort *Hero*.

BELIEVE me, my deareſt *Hero*, your Heavineſs of Grief has filled my Breſt with the greateſt Inquietude. Obedience is a Duty we owe to Parents; but when they begin to lord it over our Affections, and to command our Love, they commence Tyrants, and ceaſe to be Parents. Could *Armeliuſ* chuſe no other Man than *Altemanſor*? The baſe and treacherous *Altemanſor*: By the Gods, I ſwear, thou ſhalt never be plagued with ſuch a Monster, while *Leander* can hold a Sword. Be not troubled at your Father's rigid Threats; let them be your leaſt Concern: For ſhould *Armeliuſ* be ſo unnatural as to put his Threats in Execution, yet you ſhall always find a Lover and a Husband in *Leander*. To Morrow I will appear publickly at Court, and demand thee of thy Father: In the mean time I commend thee to the Protection of the Gods; and though Fortune has proved our Enemy, yet you ſhall always command my Life and Eſtate, and be for ever Miſtreſs of the Heart of thy

Loving LEANDER.

Hero was overjoyed at the Contents of this Letter: She, who before was over-whelmed with Deſpair, and tormented with Fear, began now to appear brisk and lively, and not to be concerned

cerned at the worst that Fortune could do. She said she thought every Hour an Age, 'till *Leander* appeared at Court, who having sent to *Abydos* for his rich Apparel, went to the Castle, and by his Mein, his Gesture, and comely Features, was accounted the most compleat Gentleman that ever was seen at *Sestos*. Every Body wondered who this Stranger could be; and tho' the greatest Enquiry was made, yet they could not discover who he was.

*Armeli*us casting his Eyes upon him, began to think that he had seen his Face, but could not presently recollect where, or at what Place: After last looking more intently upon him, he ran to him with Tears of Joy in his Eyes, embraced him in his Arms, and cried out, *O my Deliverer! My good Angel! Have I found you again? How came it to pass that you left us so long, after you had saved our Lives from a Death that was so near us?* *Leander* excused himself very modestly upon that Account; and as to the Compliment which *Armeli*us paid him, he answered, *That he did no more than in Honour he ought to have done.*

It is impossible to express the Joy and Transport of *Hero's* Father, when he was informed that it was Prince *Leander* of *Abydos*. He shewed him all the Rarities of his Palace; made great Feasts and Entertainments for several Days, and desired him to ask any Thing that was in his Power to oblige him, and he would grant it.

Leander thought now was his Time in this Height of Favours and Caresses to demand *Hero*, and then addressing himself to Prince *Armeli*us,

She said, *I return you my most humble Thanks for all the Favours you have done me, and for the kind Offer you have made: There is but one Thing in the World I desire, and if I could think you would gratify me in that, I would freely demand it.*

Demand then, said Armelius, demand it boldly, and expect it; for how can I refuse you any Thing to whom I am indebted for the Preservation of my Life, and Liberty of my Daughter. Consider Prince, says Leander, you have given me a large Commission; therefore either retract your Promise, or stand resolved to perform it; for I heard you declare, That a Man of Honour should be tied to his Word. *I hold it as an unalterable Maxim,* answers Armelius; *and to confirm you therein, make your Demand, and take it.* Why then, says Leander, without Hesitation, or using any further Words, *I demand your fair Daughter, the Princess Hero.*

Armelius, who little expected this, started, and then stood as if he had been Thunderstruck; he looked pale, and told Leander, that he had already promised her to the Prince of Persopolis, and if he had not done this, there was no Man under Heaven, on whom he would more gladly have bestowed her, than on Leander, whose Fame and Worth had been spread over Asia and Europe; but having already promised to give her to Altemansor, he could not go back from his Word; or, if he should, that he being a powerful Prince, he would take her by Force, and lay Waste his Inheritance. Leander suddenly replied, *I swear by the immortal Gods, that shall never be,*
while

while I wear a Sword, Let Reason, Sir, continued he, and not Fear direct you in the Choice of a Husband for your Daughter. I must own indeed, that Parents have a Right to command the Bodies, but not to fetter the Minds of their Children. If therefore you will permit me, I will propose an Expedient so just and so reasonable, that no honest Man can refuse it; nay, even the Prince of Persopolis cannot complain of any Injustice in it. I presume that all the World will allow, that when a Parent promises his Daughter to a Person yet there is a tacit Condition implied, tho' not positively mentioned; that is, with a Provision that she can love the Man: Otherwise it is Tyrannizing over a Child, and making her a Slave. Now Prince Armelius, if the beautiful Hero has not already fixed her Heart upon Antimanfor, let he and I have a fair and equal Opportunity of making our Addresses to her: if she shall prefer the Prince of Persopolis before me, I promise to desist from urging any Suit any further: But if I shall prove so fortunate and happy, as to be preferred before him, then let me have your Consent to Wed your Daughter Hero.

This Proposal, tho' so fair, just, and equitable, had no Weight with Armelius; nor could all Leander's Reasons and Entreaties prevail with him to give his Consent; and Hero promised to die, sooner than marry any but Leander. This unfortunate Prince knew not what to do, or what

that to think ; one While he thought to let *Armelius* know that *Hero* was contracted to him, but then he dashed this Thought in the Head, because he had not her Approbation. To her Apartment he went, very sad and penfive, and communicated to her what had passed between her Father and him.

Hero was so much afflicted at the News, that she was ready to faint away, but coming to herself, she hung about his Neck, while he embraced her in his Arms, and all overflowed with Tears, gave him fresh Assurance of her Love and Constancy. Thereupon he revealed to her, the Treachery of *Altemansor*, in the same Manner as *Amphibia* had related before ; and that it was not consistent with hers, or his Safety, to remain at *Sestos* ; and therefore if she would go with him to *Abydos* privately, he would Marry her in the most Publick and Royal Manner there. But she still insisted upon her Obedience to her Father, and said, That Time might mollify his Heart to her.

By this Time, the News of *Leander's* coming to Court was made known to the Prince of *Persopolis*, the Person whose Life *Leander* spared, having told him that he was the same who overthrew him at the Tournament, and destroyed his Men in the Wood ; he was thereat greatly enraged. But when he was privately informed, that *Leander* pretended Love to *Hero*, and had asked her Father's Consent, he presently imputed all the rigorous Usage of that Princess towards him, to arise from the Love she had for this New-come Stranger ;

Stranger ; for as yet he knew not who *Leander* was. Seeing therefore open Force had failed he resolved that secret Mischief should take Place ; and with a great Sum of Gold, and Promise of future Rewards, he hired one of *Leander's* Servants (whom he had newly hired) to poison him with a Glass of Wine. But the Gods would not permit such a Piece of Treachery ; for as *Leander* was lifting the Glass to his Lips, with an Intention to drink the Wine in which the Fellow had infused the Poison, it burst in Pieces ; so miraculously was the Life of this Prince preserved. The Fellow believing that his Treachery was discovered, fell on his Knees, begg'd Pardon, and disclosed the whole Matter ; upon which, this, and *Altemansons* former Treachery was published to his Disgrace.

Armeliuſ was much incensed at ſuch a barbarous Proceeding, and ſent a ſharp Meſſage to reprove the Prince of *Perſopolis* for ſuch an unprincipely and inhumane Piece of Cruelty, which made him rage the more, and vow Revenge. Nevertheless this was not ſufficient to open the Eyes of *Armeliuſ*, nor to make any Alteration in his Mind, touching the diſpoſing of his Daughter ; tho' any reaſonable Man would have thought, that ſuch vile Actions were Motives ſufficient to induce him not to give his Daughter to a Man, who had ſuch indelible Marks of Shame and Infamy : But to have beſtowed her rather upon a Prince, whom all the World acknowledged

knowledge to be Brave and Virtuous, and had never tarnished his Honour with one foul action. A Prince, who would not only grace him in the Marriage with his Daughter, but be an Ornament to his Family: A Prince, to whom he was under the greatest Obligations for the preservation of his Life, and for procuring *Hero's* Liberty, and whom, he had all the Reason in the World to demand: A Prince, who by his own Power, and the Assistance of his Allies, had conquered a great Part of the World, and by his own Forces alone, was able to protect him from *Altemansor*; and if Occasion were, to drive him out of his Territories. But *Armelius* could not be wrought upon by any Persuasions, or Reason soever.

The Prince of *Persopolis*, knowing *Leander* to be a Prince of great Courage, and having sufficiently tried his Strength, durst not challenge him to a fair Combat; but concluded that if he could any ways destroy him, it would open a Way to *Hero's* Love. Having laid his Plot as privately as may be, he broke into his Lodging one Night, accompanied with twenty other Russians, all armed, which making a great Noise, *Leander* suddenly awaked, and not having Time to put on his Cloaths, took up his Sword, and defended himself so well, that he killed the Prince, and most of his Followers. This alarmed all the Castle, who presently rose up in Arms, and *Leander* believing the Treachery to be great, and that Revenge would be taken for the Death of this proud Prince of *Persopolis*, made good his Retreat

Retreat with the Slaughter of his Enemies ; and getting to a Window that jutt'd into the Sea, flung himself out of it, swimming and directing his Course by the Stars, 'till he safely arrived at *Abydos*. He thought that these many Treacheries, would justify him to bring over a powerful Army, ranack *Persopolis*, and lay all the Country waste ; but his secret Love for *Hero*, and being apprehensive that such a Proceeding might offend *Armeli*us, who was already outrageous for the Death of *Altemansor*, obliged him to desist from that Enterprize. He sent a Trusty Servant to *Sestos*, to learn how Matters were represented, and resented there ; who, at his Return, told him, That *Armeli*us, to prevent a War, and to make Attonement for the Death of *Altemansor*, had promised *Hero* in Marriage to *Babazon*, who was now the Prince of *Persopolis*, and Brother to the deceased Prince. Enraged at such Treatment, *Leander* sent the following Letter to *Armeli*us.

Prince *Leander* to Prince *Armeli*us.

THE Word of a Prince ought to be as sacred as his Oath : And you may remember, that when you engaged me to make a Demand, you promised to grant my Demand. I demanded the Princess *Hero* ; and your Objection was, that you had promised her to *Altemansor* ; that Objection is now removed, by the Death of that Prince who thrice sought my Life in the basest Manner. His Treacheries are too recent, to be so soon forgotten.

otten, two of which were attempted even within your own Walls, and endeavouring to execute the last, he fell a Sacrifice to the just Resentment of the Gods. How comes it then to pass, that you have promised the Princess Hero to Babazon, the present Prince of Persopolis? Does Prince Armelius fear the Power of that Prince? Does he court his Favour, and purchase Peace at so dear a Rate, as to be bulled out of his Daughter? O Shame to Honour and Arms! But know that tho' thou art the Father of Hero, yet she is not any longer at thy Disposal: She is my lawful Wife in the Eye of Heaven, and the Gods are Witnesses to our mutual Contract. I therefore demand her of you as my just Right, and if Babazon desist not from his Pretensions, by all the Immortal Powers I swear, I will rase Persopolis to the Ground, and destroy the Country with Fire and Sword. But as Prince Armelius is my Hero's Father, I will pay him all the Honour and Respect that can be expected from

LEANDER.

The Prince of Sestos was almost distracted when he read this Letter; he was vexed that his Daughter had disposed of herself contrary to his Will and Inclination; he dreaded the Power of Babazon; and tho' he knew that Leander was superior to him in Force, and could conquer Persopolis, and all the adjacent Country, yet he thought he could easily persuade him to desist from

from that Enterprize, while *Hero* remained with him.

A Thousand various Thoughts crowded in upon him, and his Mind was so much perplexed that he was overwhelmed in Confusion, and he could not conclude upon any Thing. At length the extraordinary Motion and Agitation he was in, began to abate, and his Spirits being pretty well calm'd, he recollected his scatter'd Senses, and thus reason'd with himself. It is a Maxim among Warriors, to conquer their Enemies, or oblige a Town which they have besieged, to Capitulate and Surrender by any Art they can use; and such Means are not accounted dishonourable in a Soldier. Thus the brave *Grecians*, having besieged the Town of *Troy* for the Space of ten Years, which was gallantly defended by the valiant *Trojans*, were obliged at last to have recourse to Art and Cunning; and so successful were they herein, that having made a large Wooden Horse, and placed many Men in the Belly of it, they pretended to raise the Siege, and march off. The *Trojans* believing their Flight to be real, and not counterfeit, broke down Part of their Walls to let in this monstrous Horse, for it was too large to enter at any of the Gates. This was what the *Grecians* desired, who returning, entered into the Town at Midnight, when the Soldiers were Drunk, and a Sleep, and by this Artifice made themselves Masters of the Place, which their numerous Army could not subdue by Force. The Prince of *Abydos* (continued he) is a consummate General, and Man of

great

great Policy, who understands all the Art and Cunning of War ; let me therefore suppose my Daughter *Hero* to be the Town of *Troy*, and *Leander* the General of the *Grecians*, who besieges her ; then it will naturally occur that this Letter is like the *Great Trojan Horse*, and his claiming my Child as his betrothed Wife, may be a Stratagem in him, to induce me the sooner to give my Consent that she should be wedded to him. But tho' Love be a Warfare, and *Cupid* pitches his Tents as well as *Mars*, yet the same Devices that are used in War, will not be allowed in Love ; for what is honourable in the one, may be dishonourable in the other. And I am so well acquainted with the Character of *Leander*, who is a Prince of Integrity, a perfect Master of the nicest *Punctilio's*, that he would sooner forfeit his Life, than render himself so contemptible to the World, as to impose a Falshood upon me, and obtain my Daughter by telling a Lye. This is a Crime, which every Man, who has the least Notion of Honour, must abhor and detest ; it is a plain Demonstration of a poor, mean, groveling, and degenerate Spirit ; and I am thoroughly persuaded that the Prince of *Abydos* would not be guilty of telling a Lye, even though he were sure that it would make him Master of all the World. — What ? Has my Daughter then disposed of herself without my Knowledge, or Consent ? Is this the Return she has made me for all my Care and Tenderness of her ? O ungrateful Princess ! But since I have her in my Power, I am resolved that

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Leander

Leander shall never have her in his, let the Consequence be what it will.

He therefore sent for his Daughter *Hero*, but when he began to reflect upon what she had done, his Anger kindled so fast, that he could scarce refrain from permitting it to burst forth in an open Flame. However, being willing to know the Truth from *Hero's* own Mouth, he smothered his Passion the best he could, and as soon as she approached near to him with all the dutiful Respect imaginable, he ordered every Body else to depart the Chamber, and placing her by him, spoke thus to her.

Nothing, *says he*, my dear Child, (for I hope I may still call you mine,) can be more displeasing to the Gods, then to fail in our Duty to them, and do any thing that is repugnant to their Cœlestial Wills and Pleasure: For by such Means we draw down their Wrath upon us, which seldom fails of being accompanied with Vengeance, and the severest Judgments they can inflict; until we have made Attonement for our Crime, and pacified the enraged Gods by a hearty and sincere Repentance, and by renouncing for the future what we have committed against their heavenly Orders. Princes are the Representatives on Earth, and the Vicegerents of the Gods, and upon this Foundation is built principally the Allegiance of all their Subjects; but when a Prince, who is the Father of his People, becomes also a Father of Children, these Children are under a double Tye and Obligation to their Father. A Breach therefore of
their

their Filial Duty is a Crime not only displeasing to their Parents, but to the Gods likewise; and therefore requires double Satisfaction in order to prevent double Punishment. You may guess perhaps my Meaning, at least your Conscience ought to inform you, if you be Guilty. Read then this Letter, which I have received from the Prince of *Abydos*; read it carefully, and with the most profound Attention, and tell me if what he asserts therein be true.

Hero, with a trembling Heart and Hand received *Leander's* Letter; but Oh! How was she amazed! In what Confusion was the poor Princess, to find that her beloved Prince had discovered their mutual Contract, when no one could tell what might be the Result of such a Discovery. One While she blamed his Indiscretion, but then again she checked herself for so doing, when she considered that he had no other Way left to break off the intended Match with the Prince of *Persopolis*, than by relating the naked Truth. Seeing therefore that her Father impatiently expected her Answer, and fearing his Resentment, she fell down upon her Knees, and with flowing Tears asked his Pardon, and confess'd that what *Leander* had said in Relation to her being his betrothed Wife, was true.

*Armeliu*s could refrain no longer, and therefore giving Vent to his Anger, he burst forth into these Expressions.

Dare you to own this to my Face, thou ungrateful and disobedient Child? What Punishment is adequate to your Crime? Or, how can

you make Attonements to the Gods and me? Consider what Havock and Destruction, the inevitable Consequences of War, will be brought upon me and my People, by your rash and indiscreet Action. What less can I expect from the revengful *Babazon*, Prince of *Persopolis*, when he shall hear that you have bethrothed yourself to his greatest Enemy, the Prince of *Abydos*? Enraged at such News, and vexed to think himself disappointed, he will instantly draw out his Army, and make me feel the Severity of his Wrath. By the Gods, I swear, if *Leander* can be taken, I will deliver him to Prince *Babazon*, which, perhaps, may be a Means to pacify his Anger: And as for you, rash, and disobedient Daughter, will confine you close, 'till your Nuptials with the Prince of *Persopolis* are performed, that *Leander* shall not come near you, neither shall it be in your Power to hold Correspondence with him.

Hear me, Royal Sir; hear what your *Hero* has to say: You were pleased to intimate to me, that the anger'd Gods would be pacified upon an Acknowledgment of our Faults, and a hearty and sincere Repentance for having offended them: And if they will condescend to forgive us poor Mortals upon those Terms, I trust that Princes, whom I acknowledge to be their Representatives on Earth, will follow their Glorious Example, and forgive a Penitent. Behold, Royal Sir, a Posture which Heaven never refused; a Heart full of Sorrow and Contrition; a Tongue that
speaks

speaks the real Sentiments of the Mind ; and will not a tender and a merciful Father forgive a kneeling Daughter ? Will he not pardon an only Child, and bury in Oblivion the only Fault she ever committed ? I appeal with all the Submission imaginable to your own self, and would willingly ask, if it was not by your Command, that I received the Addresses of the Prince of *Abydos*, and if you did not also command me to receive him as a Prince whom you designed to be my Husband ; and if I may be allowed to proceed further, if you did not give him your Royal Word and Promise that I should be his Wife. Consider, Sir, what were the Motives that induced you to make that Promise ; they were no less than the Preservation of your Life, at the great Hazard of his own, and his rescuing me from the Hands of the Pirates, and thereby saving my Life and Honour. What then remained to fulfil your Promise but my Consent, which you strictly enjoyned me to give ? 'Tis true, I gave it in a private, when it ought to be given in a publick Manner : But is this so great a Crime as not to meet with Mercy and Forgiveness ? The Gods forbid. You say, that you dread the revengeful Power of Prince *Babazon*, but if you will dispose of me to him, how much more ought you to dread the Arms of the more powerful Prince *Leander*, who will have just Cause to be incensed, if you violate your Faith and Promise made to him ? I wish, Sir, I could be able to prevail with you to read that Good and Heroick Prince's Letter, with as much Attention as I

have done; and then you will have nothing to fear from the Prince of *Persopolis*. The Generous *Leander* offers to protect you from the Insults of Prince *Babazon*: But does *Babazon* say, that he will aid and assist you against the just Resentment of the injured *Leander*? No, he knows that he could not perform such a Promise; for should he take the Field against him, the Loss of his Army would be accompanied with the Loss of all his Territories. As therefore, Sir, you have all the Reason in the World, to apprehend the bad Consequences that will attend the Violation of your Faith with the Prince of *Abydos*, and have nothing in Reality to fear from the Prince of *Persopolis*, do Justice to *Leander*, and leave not a Blot upon your Honour, which can never be rubbed out.

Hero delivered her Words in such a graceful and submissive Manner, still keeping in a kneeling Posture, that *Armeli* coming to her, took her by the Hand, and bid her rise. He acknowledged that her Arguments carried a great Weight with them, nevertheless he did not see how he could with Honour disengage himself from his Promise to Prince *Babazon*. But the beautiful *Hero* reply'd, That such a Promise could not be justified; it was built upon a sandy Foundation, and therefore could not stand: For the first Promise which he made to the Prince of *Abydos*, rendered the Promise made to *Altamansor* void, and of no Effect; and if it was so as to him, then consequently it must be so, tho' renewed to *Babazon*.

Armeli

Armelius could by no Means evade such a Home-put Argument; nevertheless persuading himself that *Leander's* Love was so great, that he would not invade the Territories of *Sestos*, in Case that *Hero* was bestowed on the Prince of *Persopolis*, but that he would forbear to attack the Father for the Daughter's Sake, he determined with himself to marry her to *Babazon*. When turning to her, *he said*, It is in vain to dispute this Matter any longer; I expect that you will manifest your Filial Duty, in paying Obedience to the Commands of your Father, and I therefore command you to renounce the Promise which you made to *Leander*, and prepare to make Prince *Babazon* your Husband. This sudden and unexpected Turn, amazed the unhappy *Hero*, who recovering her Senses, and finding her Father to be inflexible, took Courage, and thus spoke with all the modest Behaviour imaginable. I am willing to obey the Prince *Armelius*, my Royal Father, in every Thing that is within my Power; but what he now commands, I am not able to perform. I am no longer Mistress of myself, my Heart is already given to Prince *Leander*, and he who has a Right to that, has the best Right to my Person. My Faith I plighted in the most solemn Manner; the Gods are Witnesses to our mutual Contract; which Contract I dare not break, lest I thereby provoke those Gods to shower down their Vengeance on my Head, and punish me according to my great Demerit. I would not willingly offend my Prince and my Father, but much rather will I suffer Hardships
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in this World, than make myself for ever miserable in the next: The one is Temporal and Momentary if compared with the other, which is Everlasting: Death, which puts an End to the one, makes only a Beginning of the other; and therefore let my Lot be what it will, I shall resign myself to the Will of the Gods, and bear my Afflictions patiently.

*Armeli*us, enraged that he could not conquer the Heart of *Hero*, and make her submit to his Pleasure, called in his Guards, and ordered them to conduct the Princess to a little Tower, which jettèd out into the Sea from part of the Castle; and gave strict Orders upon Pain of Death, that none should be admitted to come near her, but *Amphibia*. The much injured Princess begg'd upon her Knees with Tears and Prayers, not to be shut up a close Prisoner, but all in vain; for the relentless *Armeli*us would not be intreated, and the Guards, much against their Inclination, were forced to carry her away. And we must now leave her to mourn her Captivity, and return to *Leander*.

The Prince of *Abydos* hearing that his beloved *Hero* was confined meerly upon his Account, and for no other Reason than because she kept inviolable the Promise which she had made to him; and it being currently reported withal, that the Princess was to be married in seven Days to the new Prince of *Persopolis*, resolved to set her free at any Rate: And therefore ordered his Troops to be assembled. While this was doing, impatient to visit his dear *Hero*, he got two of his trusty Ser-

vants

vants to row him over in a little Boat in the Night-time ; and being furnished with a Ladder of Ropes, came safe under the Window, and with a low Voice called *Amphibia*. She soon heard him, and knew his Tongue, then by his Direction, she let down a Line of Thread, and drawing up the Ladder, made it fast to the Window, while he took Care to fasten it below, and then he climbed up. *Hero*, who was just awake, trembled to see him there ; for the ingrateful *Armeli*us promised, if he could be taken, to deliver him up to *Babazon*, who was as cruel and blood-thirsty as his Brother *Altemansor* had been. So that after many Kisses, and dear Embraces, *Leander* endeavoured to persuade *Hero* to make her Escape with him to *Abidos* ; but refused it. He did not fail one Night of coming to visit her, and she sat up to receive him, placing a lighted Torch in the Window, to guide him to the Tower. Her Father sending Word that she must prepare to be wedded to the Prince of *Persopolis* in two Days, *Hero* seeing no Hopes, but either to destroy herself, or be forced into the Arms of a Man she hated, if she continued at *Sestos*, consented that the next Night *Leander* should come with a small Ship to fetch her and *Amphibia*, and all her Jewels and Treasure.

That Night *Hero* had a very ominous Dream : She thought that as she embraced *Leander*, and he her, very tenderly, a great Sea of Water seemed to flow into the Place on a sudden, and parted them ; at which being surprized, she started,

started, between Sleep and Wake, crying out, *O my Leander ! My Love ! How, or where have I lost you ?* This she communicated to *Amphilia*, shaking her Head, sigh'd, and said, *The Gods prosper ye both, and avert what I greatly fear.*

Leander overjoyed that he had got *Hero's* Consent to leave *Sestos*, prepared a Vessel, and caus'd it to be drawn up between two Rocks 'till Night came on, lest it might be discovered from the opposite Shore ; and being weary, he laid himself down to slumber. Two Mermaids appeared dancing upon the Waves, and with Melodious Voices, sung as follows.

S O N G.

I.

AWAKE *Leander*, see the Skies
Do in blackest Tempest rise ;
In Neptune's Watry Kingdom see
Two Lovers shall entomb'd be :
The Sea-Gods, and the Sea-Nymphs all,
With us lament their Funeral.
The Cruel Ghosts Revenge do crave ;
And Fate decrees them to the Grave.

II.

We pity Lovers that are cross'd,
And in highest Hopes so lost :
When nearest to their Joys they seem,
They find all's but a Golden Dream.
Then the cross Winds bear away
All their Hopes ; *Leander*, stay :
But too forward Fates drive on,
By Love, Two Lovers are undone.

Leander

Leander hearing this as it were between Sleep and Wake, it created some Trouble and Heaviness in his Mind; however, he resolved to keep his Word at any Rate. About Sun-set a furious Tempest arose, the Sea swelled, and all on a sudden it seemed to be Midnight, then going towards the Vessel, which he had hired, he perceived that it had broke its Cable, and was driven out to Sea. He hailed the Men that were on Board, as loud as he could, but they were obliged to stand away before the Wind, and could not tack about: Then running about the Shore to seek another Vessel, he spent much Time, but could not find any. Seeing a Light in *Hero's* Turret, by which he knew she expected him, he resolved to run any Hazard, rather than disappoint her; then stripping himself to his Shirt, and laying his Cloaths behind a Rock, he leapt into the swelling Main, in Hopes to overtake the Vessel, or find it at the Place appointed, and swam 'till he was Half-Sea over. But as if all the Elements had conspired his Ruin, Rain, Thunder, Lightening, and Winds, bandied him from Wave to Wave, calling upon the Gods, and the Fair *Hero's* Name; at last being dashed among the Rocks, on the Coast of *Sestos*, he lost his Life.

Hero, who had impatiently expected him all Night, looked out early in the Morning; and by the cruel and too rigid Fate of the Destinies, she saw *Leander's* Body floating upon the Waves under her Window. She cried out in a most lamentable Manner; and calling upon his Name, leaped

leaped out of the Window before *Amphibia* could prevent her, and perished. In a short time they were driven a Shore by the Tide, folded Arm in Arm : Which Tragical Account being known, they were pitied by all who had any Bowels of Compassion; as the *Great Examples of Love and Constancy*, and buried in one Grave. *Armeliuſ* repented his rash and ingrateful Proceedings, tho' too late; and being stung with Remorse of Conscience, considering the Cruelty he used to these *LOVERS*, soon after died with Grief, unlamented by his own Subjects.

F I N I S.



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